

NR
NATIONAL REVIEW

REFLECTIONS ON THE RESIGNATION

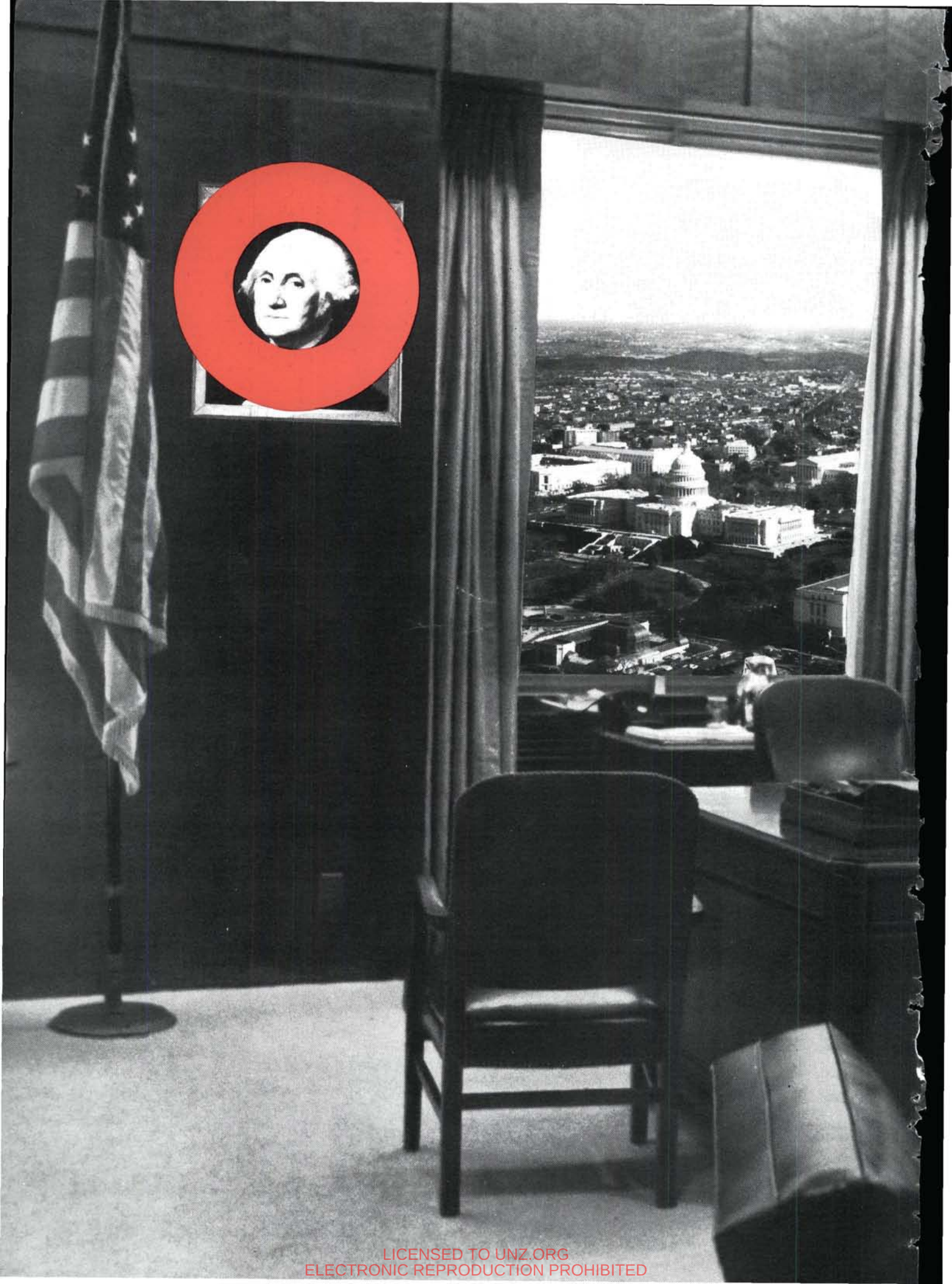
BLACK COP-OUT

Clare Boothe Luce
on Watergate

Also Buckley, Burnham,
Kirk, Will, Rickenbacker,
Chatfield, Coyne



ROY E. SMITH
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What would *Washington* think of Washington's energy policies?

He'd puzzle, we suspect, over a lot of contradictions.

Congress and the Administration, after massive investigation, have determined that the U.S. is still short of energy and will be for years to come. That's realistic.

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Capital, we said. To find and develop the petroleum America will need between now and 1985 will cost more than half a trillion dollars. Yet the profits industry needs to generate and attract capital come under steady political attack. So does the tax structure that permits America's oil industry to compete for energy resources around the world.

Time, we said. Yet gasification and liquefaction of coal, the extraction of oil from shale and tar sands, solar energy—all these processes are talked about as if they were ready right now. They're still many years, many dollars, and much work away.

Unity of purpose, we said. That should dictate a policy providing for environmental protection, social progress, and enough energy to maintain our standard of living. We need clean air and pure water. But we also need new refineries, more oil and gas exploration off our coasts, and deep-water ports such as many other nations have developed to handle oil transport more efficiently and reduce risks of tanker collisions and spills.

There are balances to be struck, and government must take the lead in articulating them. Government must establish clear priorities. Government must assist with research into alternate energy sources. And government, above all, must take the lead in establishing dependable ground rules that don't change with the political winds. Ground rules that will permit industry to muster the huge capital resources necessary to get the job done.

America can't afford to improvise much longer.

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Letters

Vade in Pace

The Post Office delivered the August 2 issue of NATIONAL REVIEW in the nick of time for me to read Jeffrey T. Bolgiano's article ["On Being Asked to Write Spiro Agnew's Farewell Address"] before Richard Nixon gave his resignation address. It is uncanny how quickly events validated Bolgiano's analysis. Nixon's address, as Bolgiano prophesied, was "dignified, proud, not a little melodramatic, but more unifying than divisive all in all"—a speech worthy of the office he was leaving.

Greenwich, Conn.

FRANCIS SEWALL

Too Much with Us

Loved John Cassidy's "Man, This Country's Too Much!" [August 2]. Wordsworth said it for all of us with "The World Is Too Much with Us." I was going to suggest that instead of watching television people should buy a stack of books and read. However, on second thought, this wouldn't work because so many of the "Now Generation" can't. (Read, that is.) And the "Then Generation" have had their eyeballs atrophied by the "Boob Tube," and so have lost the urge. (To read, that is.)

At the risk of being absurd,

How quiet is the written word!

Reston, Va.

MAXINE V. JACKSON

Liberty, Equality . . .

Ernest van den Haag states ["Reflections on the Issue of Gay Rights," July 19] that "most—not all—homosexuals suffer from psychic disorders which color their sexual life." No evidence is cited to justify this sweeping charge, and I would be interested in learning on what studies Professor van den Haag is relying when he makes that accusation.

As to the question of whether we should have openly homosexual prison guards or teachers, prospects which seem to appall Professor van den Haag, I think the answer is yes. We should not exclude homosexuals from being prison guards for the same reason we do not exclude heterosexual men from teaching high school girls, namely, that we expect people to control their sexual appetites, and we do not exclude whole classes of people because

of the inability of a few members of the class to do so.

Contrary to what Professor van den Haag implies, the gay civil rights bills would not require anyone to hire a homosexual. They would require that homosexuals applying for a job be judged on their merits, not on what the personnel agent thinks goes on in the applicant's bedroom, and judging people on their merits is one of the things conservatism is all about.

New York, N.Y.

WILLIAM J. THOM

The sexual drive is innate. To gratify it in one way rather than another can be a compulsive act, particularly when the preferred way is socially penalized.

My clinical theories about homosexuality are not central to my essay. Evidence is clinical and consists of case histories and interpretations thereof—which you will find in any library.

Do you really think high school girls are within the power of their (heterosexual) teachers as prisoners, unfortunately, would be within the power of their (homosexual) guards?

Finally, to oppose irrelevant discrimination against anybody, as I do, does not, as I explained, imply outlawing it. Let's by all means judge people on their merits (which may include their "lifestyle" where relevant); but why should the government supervise and second-guess the process?

—E.V.D.H.

It has been some time since there appeared in NR an article quite so muddleheaded as Mr. Ernest van den Haag's on gay rights. Is it affirmative action which disturbs Mr. van den Haag, or the increased visibility of homosexuals (as his quotations suggest), or a fear for "the interests of society"? Let me concentrate, however, on but one aspect of the essay.

We are told that homosexuality ". . . need not be involuntary," but that ". . . it appears unlikely that [homosexuals] would voluntarily choose homosexuality," and that ". . . involuntariness makes some psychic pathology likely." Voluntary homosexuality is by far the exception, not

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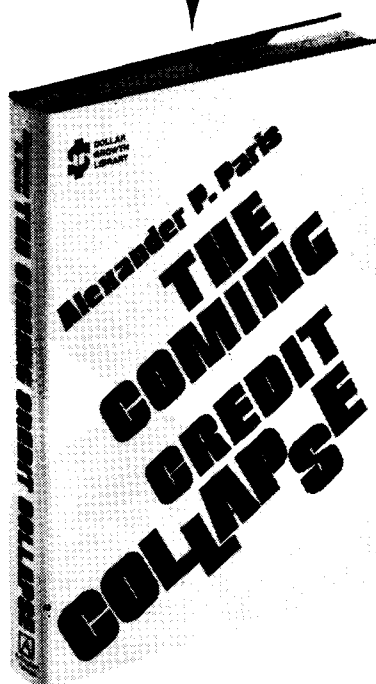
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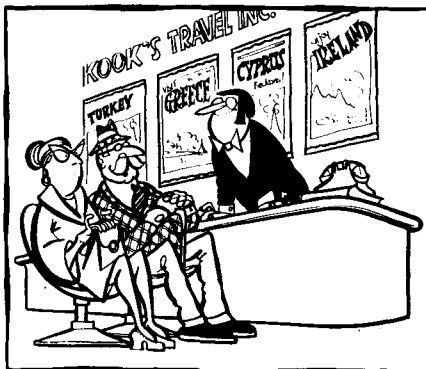
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FOR THE RECORD

■ Ringing out the old, some sidelights: The three network shows canceled to make room for President Nixon's resignation address to the nation August 8 were: "The Taste of Ashes" (NBC), "The Nature of Evil" (ABC), "The Last Man" (CBS). . . . The *New York Times* used its very largest headline "Moon" type—one inch high—to announce Nixon's resignation. It was first (and last) used when Neil Armstrong and Buzz Aldrin stepped into the lunar dust five years ago. . . . *Wall Street Journal* reports that Gen. Alexander Haig "blew his top" when he found out eager beaver communications people had taped his confidential briefing to White House staffers the Monday that the June 23 tapes were released. . . . Sally Quinn story in *Washington Post* (August 10) reports that when Nixon, en route to the helicopter that was to take him away, commented to White House press corps, "Well, here I go," one reporter in the crowd whispered: "Oh God. He really does think we did it to him." Some reporters, says Miss Quinn, were close to tears. . . . But the cynics wouldn't be downed. When one portly reporter, rushing from news event to news event, was asked why he was so lathered up, he replied, with dignity: "Hounding a President out of town is hard work." . . . Street vendors outside the White House gates were right up to the minute Friday morning with "Nixon's a Good Loser" pins. . . . And Bantam Books, which had planned to issue an impeachment procedures book the week of August 12, came out that same week with a 484-pager, *The End of a Presidency, and a New Beginning*. . . . A *Newsweek* poll right after the events showed 79 per cent of the people backed the resignation; 55 per cent were against any criminal prosecution of the President. A Harris poll, a week earlier, showed 74 per cent of the people believed Nixon knew of the coverup all along. . . . And, in case you've been



Jones, Montreal Star
"Isn't there anywhere the natives are not restless?"
Rothco

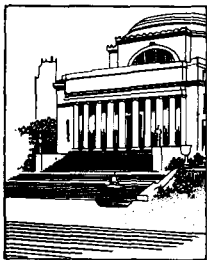
wondering, the only eight other Presidents not to finish out their terms were: Lincoln, Garfield, McKinley, Kennedy, assassinated; Harrison, Taylor, Harding, FDR, who died in office.

■ And ringing in the new: Two days after Gerald Ford was sworn in as President, Sen. Hugh Scott told *Face the Nation* that Party pressure would be such Ford would have to run for reelection in '76, "whether he likes it or not." . . . House Democratic leadership, anxious to cooperate with the new President, has already moved on his request for an agency to monitor wages and prices. "It can't do any harm," said House Speaker Carl Albert, "and it might do some good." . . . Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield has come out yet again for reimposition of formal wage and price controls. "Things are going to get out of hand without them," he said. . . . And HEW Secretary Caspar Weinberger sees new hope for some kind of national health insurance this year. . . . The party's feeling better, too. Gov. Winfield Dunn (Tenn.), chairman of the Republican Governors Conference, says he feels there will be plenty of money for GOP campaigns in the fall.

■ Some speedy adjustments: Thou-

sands and thousands of pictures of Richard Nixon started coming down all over the country on Monday, August 12, but the General Services Administration, which takes care of this kind of governmental housekeeping detail, doesn't know when the Ford pictures will go up. The new President has made no appointment for his official portrait. . . . The U.S. Postal Service, no longer a department of government, may not replace the 41,000 pictures of Richard Nixon in its post offices and branch offices: economizing. . . . In London, Richard Nixon's wax image was retired from Mme. Tussaud's Hall of World Statesmen. . . . The new President has plans for the Oval Office, according to *Newsday* Washington Bureau chief Martin Schram. It will be turned into a "sort of cloakroom in which Gerald Ford can buttonhole people and work out problems on what his spokesman likes to call 'a one to one basis.'" . . . One presidential spokesman, press secretary J. F. terHorst, incidentally, has contributed a number of articles to *Human Events* in the past. . . . And in Alexandria, Virginia, Capt. Clyde Scott of the police department says it's costing his department only \$240 a day in what he calls diverted time (patrolmen now assigned outside 514 Crown View Drive) to protect the new President. But Capt. Scott is not worried because "we're assuming Mr. Ford's moving to the White House pretty soon anyway."

■ And watch out, everybody, for the Ford jokes. "I'm a Ford not a Lincoln" (Gerald Ford). . . . The Herblock cartoon Aug. 13 of a flashy GM limousine roaring down a road and a fat executive in front seat asking, "You don't suppose there's a Ford in our future?" . . . A Hotel and Restaurant Employees spokesman in Detroit: "If the fight against inflation isn't won, the Ford in our future will be recalled."



VAN DEN HAAG
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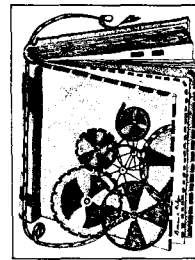
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THE WEEK

- 954** It was a week unlike any other in American politics, only more so. A special editorial section—the longest in *NR*'s history—evaluates the fall and rise of two American Presidents. Our commentators include *William F. Buckley Jr.*, *Clare Boothe Luce*, *William A. Rusher*, *James Jackson Kilpatrick*, *George F. Will*, and *Ernest van den Haag*.

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J. D. Futch

MISCELLANEOUS

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COLUMNS

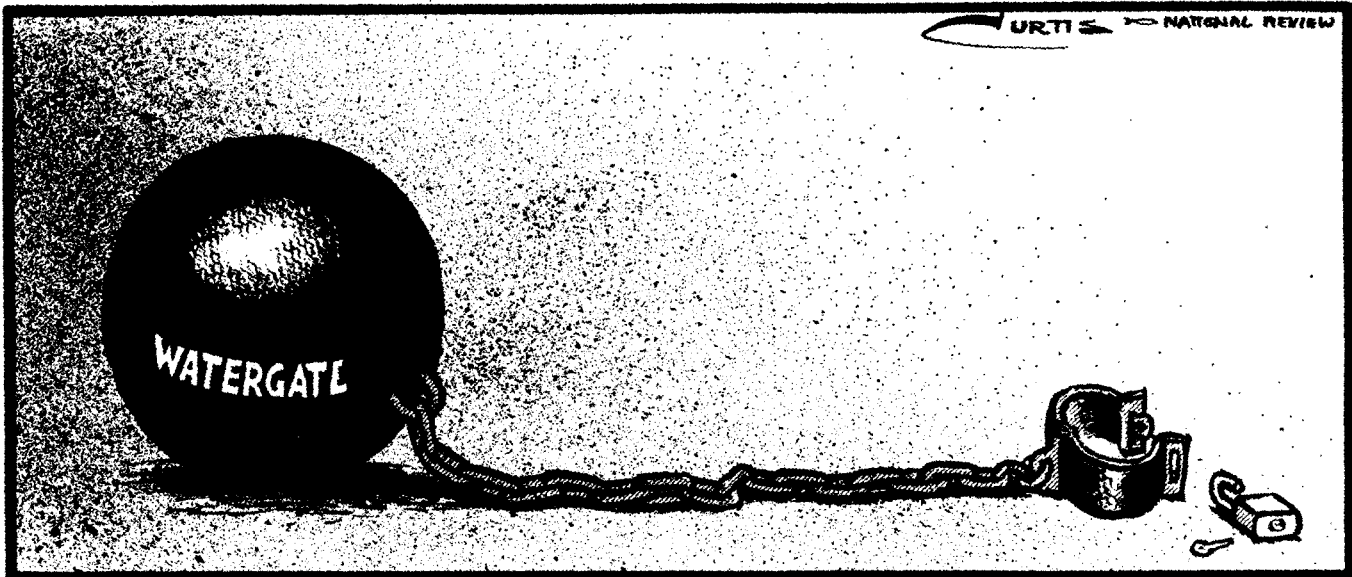
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William F. Rickenbacker
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Mao has found an adversary more formidable than the running dogs of imperialism.
Russell Kirk

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A Hollywood "classic" is a movie whose arteries have hardened. Take *Daisy Miller* and *Gatsby*.
Peter Rainer
- 984** **Haut Ennui**
Americans like French cooking, but they don't like to cook like the French.
Nika Hazelton

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D. Keith Mano
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- 989** Kate Millett gives us—the Kate Millett story. Which is all she's got.
Rene Kuhn Bryant
- 990** Lewis Feuer finds sociological forces leaving their traces in abstract scientific theories.
Thomas H. Jukes
- 991** *Joey* (Gallo) didn't deserve a book this good.
John R. Coyne Jr.



The troubles of Richard Nixon, as they attracted increasing attention, instantly divided the Republican and conservative communities (they overlap but are not coextensive). At the beginning, all of us assumed Watergate was something on the order of what Ronald Ziegler told us it was: nothing more than a third-rate burglary. At the next stage, some detected a dimension in the burglary that suggested a more subtle objective than mere political voyeurism, and some of us meditated on the possibility that an intelligence operation was afoot of delicate character. Still later, after Mr. Nixon fired his principal aides, and John Dean gave his testimony, the facts clearly required that one or another set of people should have committed perjury, and some conservative spokesmen began to express their dissatisfaction with Richard Nixon's incomplete explanations and evasive activities. Most prominent of these was Senator Barry Goldwater, who in the summer of 1973 announced that he was increasingly "disgusted" by the tactics of the White House.

The flat assertions of innocence by Mr. Nixon brought the situation to a painful dilemma. Either his words had directly to be doubted, or it was necessary to construct a scaffolding that supported both those words and the developing data—the pleas of guilt by Mr. Nixon's associates, the revelations of incriminating tapes, and the missing portions of individual tapes.

In October of 1973, after the Saturday Night Massacre, James Jackson Kilpatrick, that mountain of integrity and intelligence, broke ranks and recommended the President's resignation. From that position he did not exactly withdraw in the next period. Rather, he eased into the rhythm of constitutional events, and Mr. Nixon continued to think of him as an ally.

In March, Senator James Buckley, in an eloquent statement published in these pages, recommended the President's resignation. He did so arguing that whatever the

final outcome of the Watergate investigation—whether it convicted or exonerated the President—conscientious Americans must realize that nothing, and no one, stood to gain from protracting the agony. It turned out that Mr. Nixon had the very least to gain from it: when Senator Buckley's recommendation was given, Mr. Nixon's tapes were as yet unpublished. But Senator Buckley's recommendation was hotly resisted by other conservative spokesmen, for instance, Mrs. Clare Boothe Luce, who maintained that precisely what the country and Nixon ought

to get was an impeachment investigation and a Senate trial if indicated; and by Professor Ernest van den Haag, who kept insisting that even if what had been alleged about Mr. Nixon was correct, the crime was insufficient to warrant his resignation. Within the staff of NATIONAL REVIEW, there was also division. Our Washington correspondent, Mr.

George Will, deeply conversant with the fine print of everything that was coming out, reached the conclusion that Richard Nixon was guilty. Mr. William Rusher took the position that there was no guilt beyond reasonable doubt.

We examine now many aspects of Mr. Nixon's resignation, and the accession of Mr. Ford. And we publish short statements from six prominent figures in the conservative community: the aforementioned Messrs. van den Haag, Will, Kilpatrick, Buckley, Rusher, and Mrs. Luce. They arrived by very different roads, as already suggested, at the same conclusion: that when Mr. Nixon finally did resign, it was right and indeed imperative that he should do so. And we pause to inquire: where were we under Nixon, and where should we go under Ford: and how can we help to bind the wounds of the conservative community, and remobilize for the ongoing struggle against those who, catapulting us toward the socialist state and a precarious sovereignty, are guilty of covering up history, and ignoring the bases of human freedom?

—WFB

REFLECTIONS ON THE RESIGNATION

1. The Accidental President

Still smiling resolutely, Richard Nixon raised his arms in the familiar double victory sign, stepped into the helicopter, and disappeared into the sky like the Wizard of Oz. Nobody knew exactly where he was when he ceased being President of the United States, and it came as a kind of shock to hear, hours later, that he had landed, still speaking—incongruously—of the future.

Few men suspected, on the night of his sweeping victory over George McGovern, that the remainder of his Presidency would be so brief, or seem so agonizingly long. Certainly not the President himself. On that historic night—and he had so many historic nights—he spoke in praise of the system that reliably offered its citizens their choice among the best men available. His tone was triumphant and conciliatory, without the least sense of the irony of his own words, with the full confidence of a man who had managed events to their desired conclusion, and would do so again, and again.

When at last he ran out of time, he was succeeded by a man who assumed the nation's highest office not by popular election, but by virtue of historical fluke and constitutional afterthought. Yet Gerald Ford's accession seemed providential. His entire career has been devoted to routine partisan politics, his latter months as Vice President to awkward and increasingly implausible protestations of his belief in his President's innocence; but when the office fell to him, his luminous affability enabled him to unite the country instantly, magically, in a way that would have been impossible for the Kennedys, Lindsays, Percys who had been lining up for the job over the last decade. This accidental President was exactly—for the moment—the right man.

So far the country has doted on him. It was inevitable that he should be compared to Harry Truman, and that humble details of his personal life should become immediate legends: still fixing his own breakfast, appearing on his porch in robe and slippers to get the morning paper, greeting neighbors. He is the compleat Middle American. He loves his wife. He prays, and asks for prayers. He pays his bills; and what is more, he pays them with his own money. Even Jack Anderson exults in this President's honesty; so do they all. It is as if a chorus of Peeping Toms were to rejoice in a maiden's modesty, and the effect is hilariously beautiful. One gets the impression that all Americans hail from Grand Rapids.

It cannot last, of course, not quite this way, and he knows it. "I do not want a honeymoon with you," he told the Congress. "I want a good marriage." Despite the routine presidential we-must-move-forwardism and the promise of national health insurance, he has a natural respect for consensus and domestic tranquility, and the most frequently expressed reservation about him—that he lacks "vision"—should encourage conservatives. A deeply traditional man, Gerald Ford is less concerned

with managing destinies than with his station and its duties: balancing the budget, getting on with associates, telling the truth. When he repeats the maxim that honesty is the best policy, he appears unaware of the old meaning of "policy" that made the words a little cynical; he uses that maxim to mean something like what Burke meant: "Refined policy ever has been the parent of confusion; and ever will be so, as long as the world endures. Plain good intention, which is as easily discovered at the first view, as fraud is surely detected at last, is, let me say, of no mean force in the government of mankind. Genuine simplicity of heart is a healing and cementing principle." Candor in him is not an option, an operation, or "the hang-out road." It is an instinct.

Nobody can now predict what will occur during his tenure in office. But it seems safe to say that our national life will be relatively free of ideology, of surprises (and bombshells), of suspense (and suspicion), of more historic days and nights than are really necessary. Whatever happens, may he leave his office, when the time comes, still enjoying the affection and respect of his countrymen. May this one be a good marriage.

2. The Quality of Mercy

Unfortunately, the departure from office of Richard Nixon does not close the book on this sensational case. Legally, a good deal of foul dust floats in the wake of his retreating form. Those June 23 tapes would appear clearly to involve him in a criminal obstruction of justice, the charge on which the Watergate grand jury has already declared him an unindicted co-conspirator. A host of other charges potentially lies just over the horizon: tax fraud, misuse of government funds for private homes, subornation of perjury. Florida and California prosecutors could also bring charges; civil suits are easily imaginable. And Nixon could be called as a witness in the upcoming trials of his chief aides—where, again, further revelations may be produced.

Immediately after Nixon's resignation, Prosecutor Leon Jaworski pointedly announced that no immunity deal had been struck, and so far in Congress proposals that some kind of move be made to shield Nixon from prosecution have gained little support. The position of President Ford on the matter is not so clear. He had said earlier that the public would not "stand for" a presidential pardon for Nixon. On the other hand, his moving acceptance speech contained strong hints of mercy for the fallen President. Ford could scarcely welcome a nationally divisive Nixon trial.

From a moral standpoint the matter is a conundrum. Some argue (see "On the Right," p. 996) that Nixon has already suffered substantially in the Watergate affair, and that enough is enough. On the other hand, he has not yet answered to the law, and the Constitution is explicit in stating that impeachment does not preclude later prosecution. His closest lieutenants, not to mention as-

Finally, He Was Right to Resign

I voted twice for Richard Nixon. I would do it again if he were running against George McGovern or, for that matter, Ted Kennedy. (Bungled burglaries are bad but cost no lives.) Yet Richard Nixon's continuance in office would have damaged the office and the country. He was right, though late, to resign.

The tasks of a President are 1) executive and 2) exemplary. He is 1) the most important single person in the government; 2) the head of state, model and embodiment of our values and virtues, a parental figure, a moral leader.

As chief executive Nixon did well. History will record his achievements, however much overshadowed they are in the contemporary eye by his defects. He did not do well as a model. He embodied the practices of the country more than its ideals. And he never struck a sympathetic chord. If there are executive achievements the exemplary performance can be neutral. But if it is altogether negative for any length of time, the President's capacity to lead and govern, his moral authority and that of the Presidency, are impaired.

He taped his wrongdoing. And grudgingly handed over one tape at a time (half erased). Ineptly tried to deny what he knew, and knew he couldn't deny for long. If he set out to undermine all trust in himself, he could not have done better. I do not know what led him to help his enemies inflate his wrongdoing. Loyalty to friends? Moral idiocy? Both can ruin Presidents. Yet his misdeeds were not world-shaking. Tacky, grubby, silly, tawdry, but not really important. His inability to handle the political situation created by them made them important and him unfit to remain President.

His offenses never amounted to "high crimes and misdemeanors." Which is why resignation was preferable. "High" includes, but is more than, grave—else the Framers would have written "grave." It means that a President's crime be addressed to the "high" order of things, to the political order (as "high treason" is). To conspire against our institutions or to abolish (as distinguished from violating) fundamental democratic rights by an illegal process would be a high crime for a President. Misdemeanors must be "high" too, else we would be removing Presidents for high crimes—or for minor ones. Conduct totally incompatible with the office, yet not criminal, may be a "misdemeanor," e.g., refusing willfully to carry out the duties of the office. "High crimes and misdemeanors" for Presidents thus require illegal attempts to alter substantially (as distinguished from violating) the political order, or a major and continuous failure to perform the duties of the office. Mr. Nixon was not, in my opinion, guilty of this sort of misdeed.

The cumulative burden of his self-defeating conduct made it imperative that he leave. In gratitude for sparing us the ordeal of a Senate trial and a costly period of leaderlessness, bitterness, and conflict, he should not be prosecuted for whatever criminal responsibility he may have. Those he led, often in good faith, into illegal actions should be granted pardons.

This is less than meticulous justice. But the injured party is the U.S. It can afford to be generous to a group that tried hard, if not always wisely, to serve. *Salus publica suprema lex.*

—Ernest van den Haag

sorted spear carriers, have gone to jail or are about to stand trial for the same set of offenses of which Nixon is accused. If one meaning of Watergate is that no man is above the law, then is not the prosecution of Nixon clearly indicated?

One line of reasoning might go as follows. Nixon was forced from office on, substantially, the first article of impeachment—obstruction of justice in the Watergate affair, the June 23 tapes demonstrating his involvement and exposing all his subsequent deceptions. For that offense, removal from office could reasonably be construed as sufficient punishment. President Ford and Prosecutor Jaworski, after consultation with congressional leadership, could agree to stay further legal moves against Nixon on the coverup. Or, Jaworski might offer Nixon full immunity on this set of charges in return for his definitive testimony.

That, however, does not take care of the other allegations. If it develops that a strong case can be made against Nixon for tax evasion, or for misappropriation of government funds, or for some other offense that may

surface, then the case for amnesty weakens, though it is by no means destroyed. The Left, of course, will tend to pursue Nixon for the last pound of flesh—for which pursuit it may, in its turn, suffer deserved backlash. But that doesn't mean that Nixon should be shielded by sentiment if he has committed a variety of possible illegalities.

3. Reactions (Noted)

On August 9, Richard M. Nixon resigned the Presidency of the United States and on August 9, Gerald R. Ford was sworn in as 38th President of the United States. On that same day, the *New York Post* carried trenchant columns on the subject by **Pete Hamill**, **Mary McGrory**, and **Harriet Van Horne**. All three zeroed in on what had symbolized everything they had found wrong in the Nixon Administration.

"He sat there before us, with the same old media props, from presidential seal to *American flag in the lapel*. He couched his farewell in the same wormy rhet-

oric that marked all of his shabby years among us" (Hamill). . . . "It's so sad, so wounding to the American dreamers with *flags in their lapels*" (Van Horne). . . . "The *flagpin* vogue . . . was in its way as serious and willful a desecration as sitting on the star-spangled banner. . . . I hope it won't sound greedy to ask one small blessing. Could we now outlaw the *American flag lapel pin*?" (McGrory).

On the Communist Left, the **Daily World** was already warning its readers against Gerald Ford. "In recent days the people of our country have been subjected to a massive advertising campaign to portray President Ford as a man of great 'honesty' and 'integrity.'" Watergate, says the *World*, is not over, it will continue, "with a new face in the White House" for whom both parties will have to take responsibility.

Alger Hiss, speaking from a European spa, foresaw "the beginning of a new era of justice in our country," and **Helen Gahagan Douglas**, back in the headlines after years of obscurity, felt that Nixon's disgrace somehow meant that she had been cheated way back then when he won her California House seat. And said so, for publication. The Safe Return people—that's a group for amnesty for Vietnam shirkers—urged congressmen not to do anything about amnesty for Richard Nixon until President Ford agreed to declare amnesty for all Vietnam-era resisters. Former Attorney General **Ramsey Clark**, now running for the Democratic nomination to oppose Jacob Javits in New York, would not be drawn on the question of amnesty for Richard Nixon. "There's a confusion of terms in the use of the word," he said. "The Watergate investigation should be pursued to its conclusion if justice is to be tempered with compassion." **Harold Stassen**, who has been heard from only quadrennially since the days when he tried to get Dwight Eisenhower to choose Christian Herter over Richard Nixon as running mate in 1956, popped up two years ahead of schedule to urge compassion for his old political foe. "Forgiveness should be extended to Mr. Nixon," said Stassen. And **Elliot Richardson**, who resigned as Mr. Nixon's Attorney General last October at the time of the Saturday Night Massacre, said "as a matter of discretion" Mr. Nixon should not be prosecuted.

The foreign press reacted, as one might have expected, from the viewpoint of what the change of guard meant to it. In the Soviet Union, **Tass** reported Mr. Nixon's resignation, but gave no reason why, while **Radio Moscow** quoted Henry Kissinger's assurances that no foreign power need fear any change in Washington's policy. In case the Russians didn't get it, **Pravda** said that meant detente was on. Newspapers in **Israel** warned that the Middle Eastern peace might blow up; **Egyptian** papers were worried that Gerald Ford might be less evenhanded than Nixon, meaning more pro-Israel. **Saigon** was distinctly alarmed. "The fall of Nixon will mean the next few months will be dangerous to South Vietnam." What astonished the **French** (André Fontaine of *Le Monde*) was that the most powerful man on earth was not; that

"the rule of law' has prevailed over power." **Castro** was glad. "Richard Nixon, a man of reactionary ideas, a furious anti-Communist, a very strong supporter of reactionary ideas, a very strong supporter of private capital and monopolist enterprises, a personal enemy of Cuba and her revolution [has] drowned in the dirty waters of Watergate."

And **Art Buchwald** was sad, sad, sad that Watergate was over. The last couple of years had been, he said, "like going to Las Vegas for a year and rolling nothing but sevens. How does one satirize a Jerry Ford?"

4. The Nixon Foreign Policy

There has been dispute whether our foreign policy during the past six years has been Nixon's, Henry Kissinger's, or Nixon-Kissinger's. Undoubtedly Kissinger contributed most of the intellectual structure, or trappings, and of the diplomatic labor. By the nature of the post Nixon occupied, however, the controlling decisions were unavoidably his, even when his decision was merely to do what Kissinger advised. It is therefore proper to speak of "the Nixon foreign policy" *tout court*, and the *Nixon* policy has just come to a premature demise. What is its legacy?

1. Through an operation of great strategic and political complexity, Nixon got U.S. combat units out of South Vietnam. This is the operation he called "winning peace with honor," but we describe it more literally. Nixon did not in fact bring peace to South Vietnam; war continues there on a scale higher than in all but a few episodes of the prewithdrawal fighting. He did not end U.S. intervention in South Vietnam and Southeast Asia. Thousands of U.S. personnel are still in South Vietnam, some of them engaged in open or disguised military activities; the U.S. is sending massive quantities of weapons and other supplies to South Vietnam; powerful U.S. combat units still remain elsewhere in Southeast Asia. The people of South Vietnam have not been assured their right to a government of their own choosing.

From the point of view of the interests of the U.S., of Southeast Asia, and of world order, the best result in Southeast Asia would have been the unambiguous defeat of North Vietnam, and this was militarily feasible. We must therefore conclude that the result of Nixon's South Vietnam action was a defeat for the U.S. Nevertheless, given the state of U.S. public opinion, victory was impossible, and withdrawal of the combat forces the only way out of the swamp in which the nation had got stuck and was foundering. A great leader might have changed public opinion, but Nixon was not a great leader and none was available. As in the case of France's Algerian affair, a head of government regarded as a conservative was required to reconcile conservatives to a retreat that had become inevitable.

2. Nixon adopted and furthered the policy of detente, as it is called, with Communist China and the Soviet

The Glue Dissolves

Who made Kenneth Galbraith cranky?
Who made Walter Cronkite bitch?
Who drove blacks and hippies crazy?
Who gave Meany such an itch?
Who turned Lowell Weicker purple?
Who made academics spit?
Nixon did and Nixon's gone, so
Watch the coalition split.

W. H. VON DREELE

Union. When we try to go beyond the clichés about “peace,” it is more difficult than in the case of Vietnam policy to state exactly what this Nixonian detente comes down to. Some Kissingerologists see in it an example of balance of power diplomacy, and this must surely be part of the intention. But if so, it has not been following the classic rules. In playing the balance of power game, the idea is to incline your own weight toward the lighter element in the power constellation you confront, thus reducing the net weight that the stronger element can combine against you. In the current big power triad, this would mean that the U.S. would push detente more assiduously toward Peking than toward Moscow, but in fact the Nixon policy has been doing the opposite.

Looking at what has actually happened, detente with China appears as primarily a political spectacular presented for Nixon's domestic audience, and the nonmilitary content of detente with the Soviet Union as a foreign aid program, providing the Soviet Union with food and advanced technology in return for low interest IOUs. On its military side, detente with the Soviet Union has meant several abstract declarations about preserving peace plus the SALT agreements conceding the Soviets quantitative superiority in strategic weapons with no restriction on their effort to attain qualitative superiority.

Nixon's turn toward detente can be understood as an attempt to shake U.S. foreign policy loose from the cold war model by which it had, more or less, been guided for a generation, and which seemed to be getting stale. Thus everyone felt refreshed by the switch to detente—whatever it might turn out to be. But somehow detente has got stalled less than three years after it started. China has put detente to one side in order to come to terms with Confucius. For Moscow, as *The Economist* (Aug. 3) comments: “Brezhnev has shown that he is not yet prepared to come across with the other side of the bargain that Mr. Nixon had hoped for.” It is doubtless not without significance that the two principal Western champions of detente, Nixon and Willy Brandt, have both bowed out this year.

3. The Nixon policy achieved a notable tactical success in bringing about the ceasefire in the latest Israeli-Arab war and getting Arabs and Israelis to start talking to each other. This tactical result contains the potential

for a strategically desirable shift in the U.S. relationship to the Middle East. However, the tactical result also triggered the oil embargo and its strategically dismal shift for the Western economies.

4. Even a brief summary must also list conspicuous omissions in the Nixon foreign policy. Its concentration on, first, Vietnam, and then big power detente, has been to the relative neglect of relations with Western Europe, Japan, and also (with two or three special exceptions) the Third World nations. Sometimes, indeed, Nixonian detente with Moscow almost looked like the balancing of combined U.S. and Soviet power against Western Europe and Japan.

5. The political obits on Nixon, even the most unfavorable, begin with a bow to “the undeniable achievements of his foreign policy.” This now ritual tribute is premature. In Southeast Asia, in relations with the Communist superpowers, and in the Middle East, the Nixon policy did break through what had become the stultifying confines of prior policy. But a break with an unsatisfactory past is not equivalent to entry into a satisfactory present or future. In no major instance is the net outcome of the Nixon foreign policy yet determined. An accurate judgment on the policy will have to wait, and will be dependent, moreover, on what post-Nixon policy manages to make of Nixon's still uncertain legacy.

A Ford Foreign Policy

The novel process by which Gerald Ford replaced Richard Nixon as President, prescribed by an amendment to the Constitution that came into effect only eight years ago, eliminates the usual quantum gap between two Administrations. Although the Ford Administration will in due course define itself as distinct from the Nixon Administration, the transition, in both policies and policy-makers, will be gradual. In particular, the fact that Henry Kissinger, with his prestige unmarred by Watergate and reconfirmed by the Senate Foreign Relations Committee's vote of confidence, remains as Secretary of State indicates a continuity rather than abrupt jumps in the development of foreign policy. Nevertheless, development there must be, as is apparent from the unfinished condition of Nixon's principal foreign policy ventures that we noted in the preceding editorial; and development carried to a sufficient point becomes change.

Soon enough, and perhaps very soon, there will be critical new challenges demanding new answers. One such is presently brewing in the confrontation between NATO allies Greece and Turkey over Cyprus; another threatens in the speeding dissolution of Portugal's African empire. But whatever new and sometimes unexpected problems are presented to it, the Ford foreign policy will from the start have to deal with the items of unfinished business left on the agenda at Nixon's departure. We here note our hopes with respect to a few of these:

An End to Imperial Presidencies

Of all the things that need saying about Richard Nixon's resignation and the accession of President Ford, let us begin with two: the least important, and the most important.

The least important first. No one knows better than I how galling it has been, during this past year or so, for conservatives to watch the exultation of America's liberals at the discomfiture and downfall of one after another of the major figures of the Nixon Administration, and finally of the President himself. Whether one was a political supporter of Mr. Nixon's had nothing to do with it. We conservatives long ago correctly perceived the relentless liberal bias and growing arrogance of the national news media—as, decades before, conservatives had been the first to recognize and speak out against the dangers of an increasingly imperial Presidency. As Watergate unfolded, we realized with stomach-turning disgust how little the Administration's critics in Congress and the media were motivated by genuine shock and highmindedness, how much by sheer bias masked in sanctimony. Not long ago, in a Washington television studio, I happened to overhear a leading political reporter for the *Washington Post* introducing himself to a stranger. "Chalmers Roberts," he purred. "For impeachment before Watergate." Precisely.

But our annoyance, though huge and perfectly human and entirely justified, is surely the most transient and unimportant aspect of the whole affair. The misdeeds of the Nixon Administration were real enough, after all; in a rough sense at least, justice was served. And the net political benefit to the liberals seems likely to be astonishingly small: President Ford, whom their labors have installed in the White House, may well turn out to be to the right of Mr. Nixon on a number of crucial issues. Even the fall elections may see a striking reaffirmation of the basically conservative mood registered in 1972.

Far more enduring, and almost surely the most important national consequence of Watergate, will be its impact on a Presidency whose steadily growing power has for 40 years been the most serious danger facing the American society. The liberals, who are human too, have not been overly generous about admitting that conservatives recognized and resisted that menace for decades before they did, and they have tended to treat Watergate as if it had no relation to the larger issue—as if it were merely a case of a bunch of foxes who recently got into the henhouse. But Watergate was not an isolated incident, attributable simply to the criminal genes of a few officials in the White House. It was the end product of four decades of immense growth in the power of American Presidents and their immediate aides. Richard Nixon understood the modern powers of the office very well indeed, and when he assumed them in 1969 he was determined to use them to the full.

At some point, however, a healthy society was bound to fight back. Indeed, the public outcry against Lyndon Johnson, culminating in his decision not to run again in 1968, was probably an early rumble of the approaching storm. And even if the Watergate burglars had not been caught, and Nixon had survived to complete his term, it seems inevitable that, sooner or later, some American President would have gone too far, and been forced to pay the price that Nixon has paid.

As a result of Watergate we can, I think, be sure that imperial Presidencies will be out of fashion for a while—perhaps, if we are lucky, for quite a while. America has had enough, for the time being, of Executive arrogance and overreaching. It is not too much to say that we are, in a real sense, a freer people as a result of this experience. And for that every true conservative, surely, can be grateful.

—William A. Rusher

1. During his years in the House of Representatives Gerald Ford made himself an expert in military affairs—qualified, by both study and experience, concerning modern weapons systems as well as military administration, financing, and strategy. He has always believed, as he affirmed in his first address as President to Congress, that "weakness invites war" and "a strong defense is the surest way to peace." He has firmly and consistently supported measures contributing to the nation's defense and security. "We cannot rely on the forbearance of others to protect this nation," he remarked in his address. "The power and diversity of the armed forces, the resolve of our fellow citizens, the flexibility in our command to navigate international waters that remain troubled—all are essential to our security." Given this background, we are encouraged to believe that the Ford foreign policy will approach the further negotiations on strategic arms

limitation (SALT II) with a more acute prudence than was exhibited in SALT I during the hot flush of detente.

2. We hope that the Ford foreign policy will imbue detente with more realism and even a dash of skepticism. In the Nixon version of detente, the American President did the wooing and showered the fair maiden with gifts. In the post-Nixon continuation we should like to see the new President drop the role of eager suitor for that of hardheaded Yankee trader. If the Moscow and Peking regimes do not genuinely believe that their interests will be served by friendlier, more cooperative relations with us in trade, tourism, exchange of ideas, arms control, and maintenance of world order, then any hopes we may have about detente are illusory, and we are wasting our time and substance by pursuing it. If they do so believe, we won't have to give lollipops to get them to sit down to honest two-way bargaining.

3. The Cyprus fallout between Greece and Turkey is only the most recent symptom of the malaise of the Western alliance. The West European nations have been doing a thorough job of manufacturing their own troubles, but at the international level the Nixon foreign policy's neglect of Europe, while chasing after detente with the Communist powers, has contributed to the military and political decline of NATO.

4. The Ford foreign policy will have to try to answer the question, "what comes after the cold war?" more intelligibly than the Nixon policy proved able to do. The cold war model had undoubtedly become distorted in trying to encompass the global realities of the 1970s, and sometimes unreliable or useless as a guide to action. But for a generation it had given some sort of continuity and coherence to our foreign policy. Within the frame of reference it provided we did, at least, *have* a foreign policy. We have junked the cold war model before getting another to take its place. Finding or inventing a new one would seem a task peculiarly suited to the talents of the Secretary of State.

5. And finally, the Nixon foreign policy oversold itself: monetary agreements destined to be discarded in a few months were hailed as the greatest in the history of the world; a strategic withdrawal with goals abandoned became a triumph of peace with honor; ambiguous accords in armament were presented as ending the threat of nuclear combat; wary discussions with hostile states became auguries of warm friendship and vast trade. So we hope that in the Ford foreign policy there will be: less secrecy, less show business, less bombast.

5. The Nixon Economic Policy

In appraising the economic policies of the Nixon Administration, it is customary to acknowledge that nobody foresaw the breakdown of controls and the renewed acceleration of inflation. That isn't quite true. In the spring of 1972, when economist Walter Heller was talking about "the bogeys of timid economic thinking," *NR* wrote that the first postfreeze bulge would "appear a magnificent success compared to what will happen next year." At the start of Phase III, when Walter Heller was warning that "policy should avoid pulling the economy up too short," *NATIONAL REVIEW* worried that the "problem with partial decontrol is that it occurs at a time when inflation is sure to accelerate."

The point of all this unseemly recrimination and self-congratulation is that we now appear to be starting a re-run of the same old show with the same old cast. The press is duly reporting the familiar nostrums of Arthur Burns, Mike Mansfield, Henry Reuss, Walter Heller, and the like—all pushers of wage-price controls since 1970. While it is probably too much to expect these fellows to learn from experience, the rest of us should at least have learned not to listen to them.

Retracing our steps, there was a \$25-billion deficit in

1968 and the money supply increased by 7.8 per cent—triple the postwar average. Inflation topped 6 per cent in the following year. In 1969, there was a surplus and the rate of money growth was slowed to 2.2 per cent in the second half. This was a rather sudden shot of classical medicine, and adjusting to the new situation generated a brief recession in 1970—the mildest on record. In October of 1970, inflation rates began to decline steadily and leading indicators (which signal a business recovery) began to rise sharply. After a bubble in January and February of 1971, wholesale prices rose at about 3.6 per cent. Consumer prices were rising at a 3.8 per cent rate in the first half of the year. Increases in the GNP deflator, another measure of inflation, slowed in the three quarters before Phase I from 6.5 to 5.9 to 4.4 per cent. This was the Old Game Plan which Dr. Heller still insists "failed so miserably." In August 1971, on the announcement of a wage-price freeze, the Democratic National Committee somehow labeled the existing situation "the most serious economic crisis in 40 years," and said that controls were "long overdue and welcome."

The immediate effect of Nixon's New Economic Policy in August 1971 was to generate paralyzing uncertainty which parched the budding boom. Business inventories, which had been growing at a 5 per cent rate for five quarters before the wage-price freeze, grew at the rate of 3.5 per cent in the following four quarters—a sign of future shortages. Real GNP growth was 9.1 per cent in the first quarter of 1971, and 3.6 per cent in the quarter encompassing Phase I. At the start (from November 1971 to February 1972) of Phase II, which ended in January 1973, the effect of the freeze was wiped out by the subsequent bulge; then growth and prices briefly resumed their previous healthy trends. This respite was to be expected from a half year of monetary stability just before the freeze. Freed by controls and devaluation from worrying about inflation or its effect on the trade balance, the authorities concentrated on whipping the economy into a frenzy for the coming election. The budget moved from a surplus in 1969 and a \$2.8-billion deficit in 1970 to \$23-billion deficits in both 1971 and 1972. In 1972, the money supply rose by over 8 per cent.

After the second quarter of 1972, there was a clear upward thrust in key price indices, culminating in the news that the December wholesale index had jumped at the then astonishing rate of 21.6 per cent. For the year as a whole, the rate of increase in measured consumer prices was 0.4 per cent lower than before NEP, and the 6.5 per cent rise in wholesale prices was much higher than before controls. This was the prematurely applauded "success" of Phase II, which was evidently judged by different standards from the Old Game Plan.

Phase II was followed, as all price control episodes have been, by shortages of basic commodities (even before Freeze II), the unveiling of previously repressed or disguised price increases, and a spurt in the rate at which money changes hands. Phase III (January-June '73) was essentially a capitulation to the McGovern plan

of concentrating on visible scapegoats—big corporations, whose prices had risen the least. Those who now call it “ill timed” have yet to explain when would have been a better time for decontrol. The subsequent experience, from Freeze II to date, is too painfully familiar to recount. The current score: rate of inflation 12 per cent; unemployment 5.3 per cent; and growth of—minus 1.2 per cent.

A Ford Economic Policy

Partisan economists grew impatient with fiscal restraint long before it was tried. Leonard Silk of the *New York Times*, reporting on a conference of Democratic economists, suggests “less of a squeeze on anti-poverty, anti-pollution, education, energy, health, housing, and urban development programs.” Yet from 1960 to 1974, federal spending on such matters was “squeezed” from \$28.5 billion to \$173.7 billion. Such spending is the explanation for the paradox that real spendable earnings are lower now than in 1965, though per capita real output is 23 per cent higher. All of the gain has gone from consumer-determined uses (food and shelter) to politically determined uses (welfare and subsidies), using inflation and its effect on taxes as a hidden tax with which to extract real resources. Now we have the unfortunate spectacle of the new President capitulating to the urgency of nationalization of the health insurance industry—surely the most costly piece of legislation proposed since Social Security—in the same speech in which he urges spending restraint.

The press appeared equally impatient with “tight money” early this year—at precisely the time when the money supply was growing most rapidly. In the last three months, the narrowly defined money supply (checks and currency) increased at a tolerable 4.4 per cent rate, but time deposits increased at a 20 per cent rate, so the effect isn’t clear. In the previous three months, when the press became particularly vocal about tight money, the narrowly defined money supply increased at an explosive 11.7 per cent rate.

One rather dangerous idea that is being pressed upon President Ford is the “equity” of having the Federal Reserve ration bank credit to politically favored borrowers. The legal ceilings on interest rates that savings institutions can offer small savers—which is itself a perverse example of selective credit control—is the major cause of mortgage problems. The cure is not more control but decontrol. If banks limit borrowing for certain purposes, borrowers and lenders can shift to an infinite variety of other channels: commercial paper, bonds, finance companies, insurance, loan sharks, etc. Even if we provide direct subsidies to homebuilders, the fact that homebuilding wasn’t profitable with money borrowed at market rates shows that the builder has a tremendous incentive to borrow at, say, 8 per cent and re-loan the money at 12 per cent. Priority borrowers might well end

up collecting their money at one bank window and buying certificates of deposit at another.

Two other unpromising ideas, which are being implemented or considered, merit only brief dismissal. First is the idea of “creating” public service jobs, which implies larger deficits, taxes, or money creation—any of which would surely destroy more private jobs than could be offset by boondoggling. Working people are not in the mood to pay for more public “services.” Government is not on anybody’s list of shortages.

The second mistake is the pathetic revival of scapegoating and jawboning. Mr. Ford has better things to do than to rebuke GM for an unsustainable effort to recover inflated costs. The average citizen is wholly unaffected by a rise in the sticker price of new cars (except that it raises the value of his older car), and if monetary restraint continues the sticker price will be widely discounted anyway. Even if jawboning did save a few affluent folks a few hundred dollars, they will just spend that money on something else—driving other prices up. If the money is there, somebody is going to get it.

The new President’s request to reactivate the Cost of Living Council “to expose abuses” was also a major disappointment. Even before he said it, Walter Heller was suggesting “building on” a monitoring agency, and ultimately enforcing the agency’s rulings “by powers of suspension (and in outrageous cases even by rollbacks).” Others will likewise see a jawboning agency as only a first step, and will rush to raise prices and wages before Phase V arrives. At the least, such placebos should await the prescription of the promised economic summit.

These are many reforms on which liberal and conservative economists agree. There is wide agreement with Walter Heller on the wisdom of a “phaseout of the Regulation Q ceiling [on interest paid by banks] that shortchanges small savers and distorts the flow of financial resources.” Both Milton Friedman and James Tobin are powerful spokesmen for government securities which offer an inflation-adjusted return, both as a matter of equity and as a device to finance deficits without creating new money. There is surprisingly broad disenchantment with government regulatory agencies (ICC, CAB) and subsidies (farm, maritime, export) that are designed to keep prices up. Similarly, there is no reputable support

Nitpicking

I love the way he talks old-shoe.
I’m wild about the missus, too.
He’s Middle with a great big “M.”
He won’t start blurring us and them.
He’s Herbert Hoover, whom I like,
With just an overlay of Ike.
If only Ford would bid farewell
To that old faker Charles Goodell.

W. H. VON DREELE

AUGUST 30, 1974 961

The Republic Stands

The long Watergate struggle ended in the defeat of the President and the victory of the Constitution. The joy the people feel transcends the sadness they also feel that this victory had to be won at the tragic price of the destruction of an American Presidency.

Millions of Americans are euphoric today because their faith in the democratic process, which the protracted Watergate scandals had been slowly wasting, has now been restored. So sound the bugle and beat the drum: the Republic stands.

And what the Republic stands for today, no less than yesterday, is a government of laws, and not of men; for the deliberate and peaceful, and not the emotional or violent, transfer of power; and for moral, as well as for political, accountability in high public office.

One shudders to think that this tremendous victory might have been aborted if the media (including NATIONAL REVIEW) had succeeded in their misguided effort to secure the President's resignation before the true depth of his deception, and the degree of his involvement in Watergate, had been incontrovertibly established by a judicial body.

Had Nixon resigned, protesting his innocence of wrongdoing, at the time, say, when *Time* Magazine first called on him to do so, "for the good of the country," it would not, in the end, have served that good. Millions of people would certainly have believed—and gone on believing—that he had been "framed" by his political enemies, denied his "day in court," and "hounded" from office by the press, for making mistakes far less serious than had been made by many other Presidents and aspirants to that office.

The press has been right in its judgment of Nixon's character. But in respect to seeking the President's resignation before he had been "hailed into court," it was wrong in its understanding of the American character. It

ignored the instinctive and wonderfully stubborn desire of the American people to stay on the path of the law, and their passionate, if inarticulate, devotion to the idea that the right way to redress the ills of the nation is by sticking with constitutional processes.

Two hundred years ago, Edmund Burke told the British Parliament that there were more copies of Blackstone sold in the American colonies in a year than in England in a decade. "These Americans," he warned his colleagues, "are a very litigious people." Jefferson held that it would be "a rare occasion for the general public to decide immorally or unwisely." What was utterly necessary in order for the people to make a wise and moral decision about Mr. Nixon's continuance in office is precisely what happened—the people's representatives did their constitutional duty and the House Judiciary Committee legally confronted the grave charges against the President. And, in the stormy but deliberate, slow but faithful, pursuit of that duty, the Congress finally produced the concrete evidence it had to have for a moral and nonpartisan decision—the unanimous decision to impeach him. Nixon's certainty that his peers—on both sides of the Senate aisle—would vote for his conviction led to his resignation. In the end, no confession, no impeachment, no trial was necessary. Beautiful. For in no other circumstances could Watergate have ended without poisoning the political climate for a generation.

Is Watergate now behind us? Is what President Ford called the "nightmare" really over? The desire of the people that it should be is palpable. Whether it will be now largely depends on the Democrats and the liberals in Congress, and the national press. They have the power to heal the wounds of Watergate, and move the country forward. When is the time for them to show how they cherish "the good of the country" if it is not now?

—Clare Boothe Luce

for the growing tendency of the government to bail out corporations that get into trouble. If businessmen know they can safely absorb any cost, or maintain a risky illiquid position in order to speculate on inventory or currencies, they will become relatively immune to the usual pressures of restrictive policies. If union leaders know the government will expand payrolls with new money when union actions price low-seniority workers out of their jobs, there will be no incentive to moderate wage demands.

Leonard Silk predicts that "there is likely to be a swing toward a more activist, less conservative, and less doctrinaire economic policy." Nothing could be less "activist" than a hands-off approach toward fiscal and monetary tightening, nor more "conservative" than the idea that nothing in HEW can be changed, nor more doctrinaire than a continuing faith in wage-price controls after 2000 years of uniformly disastrous experience.

6. Who for Vice President?

As we go to press, Gerald Ford is in the process of selecting a new Vice President. The choice will have considerable symbolic significance. The candidates most prominently mentioned fall into three broad categories:

1. Northeast and/or liberal: From the moment of his succession, President Ford came under intense pressure from the media and from some of his closest advisers to "heal the wounds" within the Party by choosing a Vice President from the liberal and largely Northeastern wing of the Party. Those "wounds" were aggravated by the Southern strategy employed by Nixon in 1968, but they were first opened, of course, by the Party split in 1964. Historically, however, it is simply the fact that the center of gravity in the Party has been shifting South and West. The former Republican bastions in

Now — you can order Wm. F. Buckley Jr.'s soon-to-be published book, "United Nations Journal: A Delegate's Odyssey," direct from National Review and save \$3.00!

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And, the 28th session of the UN was, in every respect, a stormy one, punctuated by the Arab-Israeli War and the world-wide oil crisis that followed. You'll find an excellent blow-by-blow description of the war events as well as the frenzied diplomatic maneuvering that accompanied them; why Israel broke the cease-fire, how the U.S. pressured Israel to accept it plus the big Russian diplomatic victory that emerged.

A Revealing Book

This marvellously readable book starts with a (sometimes hilarious) description of the events leading up to Buckley's appointment as a UN delegate (he very nearly refused to serve). Buckley has a novelist's eye for portraying characters, and in "United Nations Journal: *A Delegate's Odyssey*" you'll find dozens of interesting personalities: Soviet Ambassador Malik, most uninhibited in the art of lying; Andrei Gromyko; the Saudi Arabian Baroody, who can (and often does) talk for hours on whatever interests him at the moment; and Cuban Foreign Minister Raul Roa, whose bodyguards were on the verge of drawing their pistols at one uproarious session.

The primary figure in the book is, however, Henry Kissinger. For the first time, Buckley reveals the details of his association with Kissinger, because it was Bill Buckley who introduced Kissinger to the White House. The book also includes a wonderful portrait of Kissinger in action:

the delicate day-to-day negotiations involving the Mideast cease-fire, his speechmaking, views on the UN and much, much more!

"United Nations Journal: *A Delegate's Odyssey*" puts the UN in a realistic perspective. Buckley depicts an organization choking on its own verbiage, promoting human rights on paper but doing little, if anything, to guarantee them, while letting the Soviets do what they please. Buckley relates the endless restraints that shackle a delegate (one of his speeches was virtually dictated to him!) and the creaky protocol: when Buckley suggested that Alexander Solzhenitsyn be invited to address the General Assembly, he was told that it would take *five years* to complete the necessary preparations and that would be *fast*! No doubt about it, you'll find Bill Buckley at his *best* in this book!

Quotes you can use

One of the features of any Buckley book is the wealth of quotable lines you can use for your own enjoyment, and this book is no exception. Here are some examples:

- "One wishes one could say about Malik that he is the last of the Stalinists, as one wishes one might say, looking up at a falling tree, that it was the last to suffer from the Dutch elm disease..."

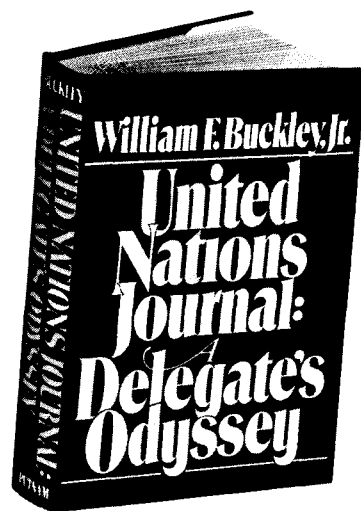
He has a deeply cultivated propensity for lying, and he doesn't mind in the least doing it even in situations where he is sure to be caught in the act."

- "You learn almost instantly in the United Nations... that the convention is simply to ignore Soviet infractions against the stated ideals of the organization. Not merely those ideals that are tucked away in the old idealisms of the venerable documents of the very early years. But to ignore those that are being hotly debated at that very moment."

- "Baroody... if he had mastered the entire sum of human knowledge... would still need, perforce, to repeat himself after a week or two."

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Advice for Gerald Ford

When crescent moons are followed by a full
And werewolf tracks are spotted in the glen,
Beware of vampires with a lot of pull
Who thirst for national acclaim—again.
Before you lift the coffin, count to ten;
Alternative Vice Presidents await.
George Bush is swell, and there are several men
Whom I would love to see you nominate.
But do not (do not!) make a fateful date
With Dracula's voluptuary heir.
Check with the folks who live in New York State
Where once the creature kept his awful lair.
You, like Macbeth, would surely murder sleep
If Rockefeller were our toothy Veep.

W. H. VON DREELE

Massachusetts, New York, Connecticut, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania have been trending liberal and Democratic. To name a liberal Northeastern Republican, therefore, would be in a sense an irrelevant gesture, empty of historical meaning. Transcendent personal merit, however, might upset that structural analysis. The two Northeastern candidates up for serious consideration are Nelson Rockefeller and Elliot Richardson.

Rockefeller has large pluses and minuses. He is a national figure, and possesses international prestige. He has *gravitas*, weight. He is a proven administrator. He is sound on national defense. Over the years, he has moved toward the center ideologically, perhaps as a result of his practical experience in Albany, certainly as a result of changes in the Party and in the nation.

He also has liabilities. 'Tis well an old age is out, wrote John Dryden, and time to begin a new. At the age of 66, Nelson Rockefeller, though vigorous, is the battle-scarred veteran of former days and other wars. His nomination to the Vice Presidency would therefore be an implicit confession of a certain sterility on the part of the Republican Party as far as leadership is concerned. Among his quite specific drawbacks, he recently vetoed a measure passed by the New York State legislature to restrict abortion. He also could be expected, as Vice President, to compete with President Ford for the limelight, forming perhaps a rival center of power at the other end of Pennsylvania Avenue.

Elliot Richardson was a kind of utility infielder in the Nixon Cabinet: HEW, Defense, Justice. At HEW he achieved a reputation as a good administrator largely by not rocking the boat. He did little or nothing to bring that sprawling and immensely costly bureaucracy under control. Unlike his predecessor, Robert Finch, he managed to survive physically at HEW; but his performance was inferior to that of his successor, Caspar Weinberger. As a victim of the Saturday Night Massacre, Richardson has the image of a Mr. Clean. But, live by the

image, die by the image: as a kind of latter-day Cabot Lodge, Richardson hardly suggests the future of the Republican Party as the home of the new majority.

2. New Faces: George Bush, former congressman, former ambassador to the UN, and Republican National Chairman, has glittering credentials. The son of Connecticut Senator Prescott Bush, he has roots in the East, but after the war he settled in Houston and became a prominent and popular figure in Texas politics—one of the key states in any national election. He is a moderate conservative. So is Senator Howard Baker, who adds to his Watergate good-guy reputation an important border-state appeal, as well as obvious intelligence and ability. Both Baker and Bush do suggest, in ways that Richardson does not, the future of the Party.

3. Conservatives: After Gerald Ford himself, Governor Ronald Reagan of California is the most popular Republican in the nation today. He has had as governor ample administrative experience. He is an inspirational speaker. He has also made his own what is bound to be one of the central issues of the 1970s: fiscal and bureaucratic reform. From his experience in Sacramento, Reagan knows the nuts and bolts of bureaucratic retrenchment. A Reagan Vice Presidency, with a mandate to trim the bureaucracy and lift some of the tax bite on Middle America, would be a very attractive proposition.

The frequent mention of Senator Barry Goldwater in connection with the Vice Presidency probably reflects the unique status he has achieved in American life. From the Dr. Strangelove of 1964, Goldwater has metamorphosed—without himself changing at all—into a revered elder statesman, the manifest embodiment of genuine moral principle. A Goldwater Vice Presidency would undoubtedly be widely acclaimed. Nevertheless, it is surely in the Senate that he is most valuable; there he should and doubtless will remain.

7. The GOP and the Future

In a series of midyear elections this spring, Republicans lost where Republicans should have won, in heavily Republican districts that hadn't been lost in cons. Republican party leaders and officials were reluctant to avow the real cause—Watergate—while the Democrats had no hesitation. Now that the nightmare is over, the future for the Republicans has changed.

Republican optimism must be tempered with the realization that the post-Watergate era began too late to affect many of this year's contests. Some long time Republican officeholders have retired; other Republicans who would have made powerful candidates have chosen not to run this year—more than a dozen Democratic senators have only nominal opposition in November. Still, '74 may not after all make the Goldwater election look like a Republican victory.

The party in the White House often loses seats in an

He Lied

Very well. The wreckage of Richard Nixon's Administration is now so nearly complete that further demolition will merely tidy up the ruins. We can begin now to think of Gerald Ford as President of the United States, for this he surely will be.

I write on a Tuesday morning, 12 hours after the bombshell disclosures of Monday night, and I am close to tears. Grown men ought not to weep. I have been covering politics and politicians for more than 30 years and have seen enough of duplicity to be immune to shock. Nixon's duplicity is almost beyond bearing.

The thing is: I believed him. Millions of other Americans believed him also. When he said, over and over, looking us squarely in the eye, that he had known nothing of the Watergate coverup until March of 1973, we believed him. "Your President is not a crook," he once said. I believed him. It no longer greatly matters. My President is a liar.

He lied to the people, in his public statements. He lied to his lawyers. He lied to the press. On June 23, 1972, just five days after the Watergate break-in, he himself set in motion the coverup. He himself knew of the Watergate cash. He himself set a pattern of deceit for others to follow.

Why did he do it? His conduct is beyond comprehension. In June of 1972, George McGovern's nomination was assured, which is to say that Nixon's own reelection was assured. Given the political situation at that time, there was no way that Nixon's candidacy could have been fatally damaged. If he had told the people the truth at that time—the whole truth, holding nothing back—the Watergate scandal would have been a nine-day wonder. The campaign could have proceeded on course. But he lied.

One gropes amidst the debris. Monday night's disclosures clear up a few points. More than a year ago, when I was among many persons urging the President

voluntarily to release the tapes, I said that his refusal would permit an inference that he had something to hide. All right. He had something to hide. A couple of months ago, I suggested to Mr. Nixon that Bob Haldeman, by not keeping him informed, had betrayed him. The President sharply denied it. At least he told the truth about that. Haldeman had indeed kept him informed. Haldeman did not betray him. The President betrayed himself.

The just-disclosed conversation of June 23, 1972 explains another puzzling thing. We foolish believers kept searching through the later conversations of March 1973, looking for expressions of presidential amazement and outrage. We found none. It seemed odd, because we were given to understand that he was only then beginning to comprehend the involvement of such aides as Maurice Stans and John Mitchell. We had been led astray; we had been lied to. No wonder he was not amazed that March! No wonder he was not outraged!

The lies, the lies, the lies! My President is a liar. I wish he were a crook instead. Three months ago he gave us a stack of transcripts, and he provided a fine false summary to go with them: "Throughout the period of the Watergate affair the raw material of these recorded conversations established that the President . . . had no knowledge of any coverup prior to March 21, 1973." The sentence is a devious work of art. He did have knowledge of the coverup: he himself had helped to contrive it.

What a pity, what a pity! Here was a President who got us out of Vietnam, ended the draft, restored a needed conservative balance to the Supreme Court, launched hopeful programs of new federalism, and by his bold overtures to Red China opened new avenues toward world peace. Now the good vanishes in the wreckage of the bad. The swearing-in of Gerald Ford can't come one hour too soon.

—James Jackson Kilpatrick

off-year election, some of the incumbents having gained office only by riding the presidential coattails. But Nixon's coattails were notoriously short. Although Nixon made a career of aiding Republican candidates for many years previous to 1972, in that campaign he ignored—and even alienated—Republicans around the country. The money and effort went primarily to the presidential campaign. This year it should be different. There is some question as to how much campaigning President Ford will do himself—he may want to maintain a bipartisan attitude for a while. But he has just visited 40 states, is a strong party man, has his eye on '76, and, even if he limits his personal appearances, can be expected to see that party machinery operates to aid Republican candidates.

The Democrats were hoping to elect a veto-proof

Congress by running on one issue—Richard Nixon. No longer. Even before the nightmare ended, the polls showed the Number One concern of Americans to be the economy. It will be difficult to pin the responsibility for inflation on President Ford, but not hard to blame the Democrats. The albatross has changed his party.

Can the new Administration preserve the mandate of '72 and direct it in the midterm election? At least one Democrat, John Conyers, has suggested that President Ford appoint a Democrat as Vice President in order to have a bipartisan Administration. But UAW President Leonard Woodcock made the point that the Republican vote in 1972 was overwhelming, and that that vote was entitled to have as Vice President a man of the political stripe it chose. But is the mandate still there? Can the emerging Republican majority, which

Then It Stopped

An American Rip Van Winkle who had been fortunate enough to sleep through the last two dispiriting years, but who had the miserable bad luck of waking up a day too soon, just in time to see Mr. Nixon's televised speech of resignation from the Oval Office, would have wondered: why is the President resigning in the midst of this foreign policy speech, and what is the "Watergate matter" he briefly and cryptically referred to once?

That speech came three years after Mr. Nixon founded the Plumbers, the White House burglars, and five days after Mr. Nixon confirmed that he had had an initiating role in the Watergate coverup at least as early as June 23, 1972, six days after two of the Plumbers, Messrs. Hunt and Liddy, committed their second break-in at the Democratic Party headquarters in the Watergate office building.

It was obvious to everyone except Mr. Nixon that the court-ordered release of the tapes of conversations of June 23, 1972 was the end of the line for Mr. Nixon and his coverup. Because this doomed Mr. Nixon, attention turned immediately to his final throes.

Between 10 A.M. and 12:15 P.M. Friday two American Presidents spoke to audiences in the White House East Room, and to the American people via television. It was quite a contrast.

In his farewell talk to his Cabinet and staff Mr. Nixon, uncannily and probably unwittingly, summed up his downfall: "Always remember others may hate you. But those who hate you don't win unless you hate them—and then you destroy yourself." Suddenly, before our eyes, Mr. Nixon was a very old man.

This was the last testing day at the end of an exhausting Washington week at the end of a wrenching year, and here was a President of the United States weeping on national television, complaining about the press, saying that he reads books even though he isn't educated, saying that no one ever wrote a book about his mother, saying "this country needs good farmers, good business-

men, good plumbers . . .," joking through his tears about not being able to pay his taxes, and, incredibly, seeming to say that the collapse of his Administration is tragedy somehow comparable to the death of a young wife in childbirth.

In this talk, as in his resignation speech the night before, Mr. Nixon quoted, and associated himself with, Theodore Roosevelt, and it was especially clear what he had in mind when he got off his plane in California and told the warm crowd of 3,000 admirers at the airport that he had no intention of just sitting in the California sun. He plans, he says, to be back in the arena soon, just the way TR stayed in the arena after leaving the White House. He will be back in the arena sooner than he wants to be if the lawyers for Messrs. Haldeman, Ehrlichman, and Mitchell decide to call him as a witness in the coverup trial that is scheduled to begin September 9.

At noon Friday President Ford gave a short speech that was, in a word, perfect. It contained a moving and appropriate plea for forgiveness for his predecessor. And it made clear what his predecessor should be forgiven for: President Ford said his Administration (by implication: unlike the last one) will be one of straight talk, openness, common sense, truthfulness. If the Ford Administration reflects the character of Mr. Ford, as the Nixon Administration reflected the character of Mr. Nixon, then the Ford Administration will be as good as Mr. Ford promises.

It has been an unusually dry summer in Washington, but heavy grey clouds hung over the federal city Friday morning, and shortly after Mr. Ford was sworn in, while Mr. Nixon was airborne over Missouri, there was a downpour. For a while it looked as though Mr. Nixon had had a point in his final defense argument—his plea that he is indispensable to a generation of peace, his warning, in effect, *après moi le déluge*. But then, as it invariably does, the rain stopped. —George F. Will

validated Kevin Phillips' 1968 theory in its presidential vote but not in its congressional vote, be persuaded to focus on local elections? Surveys indicate that most Americans think of themselves as conservatives or moderates, that former Democrats are now "independents" and that independents hold the key to future elections. So a Republican majority is potentially there; disaster has been averted; the future is filled with hope.

8. The Dimensions of Watergate

In order to glimpse something of Watergate's complex nature, let us try to view it successively in the perspective of each of its multiple dimensions.

The personal dimension. Watergate was a human drama, part tragedy, part melodrama, and in considerable part, as is appropriate to our epoch, soap opera—with a large cast and a huge chorus. Although he remained mostly offstage in the earlier scenes, the drama focused on a protagonist whose fate conformed to the definition laid down at the beginning of Chaucer's "Monk's Tale":

I will bewail in manner of tragedy

The ills of those that stood in high degree

And fell so far there was no remedy

To bring them out of their adversity.

And in accord with the rules of classical tragedy, the downfall of the lofty protagonist could be related not merely to blind Fortune but to the inner flaw of o'erween-

ing hubris that affronts the gods and brings down their fatal curse.

The moral dimension. It is well known and often remarked that Americans have always been peculiarly moral, or moralistic, in their attitude toward government and politics, even though they have not always been especially virtuous in their actual political behavior. They do not share the rather Machiavellian cynicism with which many Europeans view the political scene. Many Americans are almost desperately eager to "believe in" their highest magistrates, above all in their President. Watergate, in its long sequence of revelations climaxing in transcripts of many of the tapes, disclosed a coarsened moral sense, often a flat indifference to public as well as private moral considerations, that permeated widely throughout the inner core of the Administration. This moral disarray probably disturbed and shocked the main body of the citizens more severely than any overt acts that came to light in the course of the last year.

The legal dimension. Watergate further revealed that many aides and officials of the Administration and of the presidential campaign organization and many prominent persons outside government had broken the law or covered up or condoned lawbreaking. But Watergate has also, over its full course, demonstrated that ours is still a government under law, that the law has still the effective power of enforcement, and that the law applies to all, governors and governed alike. This demonstration has thus provided, within the legal dimension, the catharsis to resolve the popular dismay.

The constitutional dimension. Under the unique constitutional structure of government, sovereignty is divided among three branches. Watergate served to make clear that growth in Executive power had reached a level at which the Executive was very nearly released from the counterbalancing influence of the other branches. In Watergate's denouement, the distorted balance has been, at least partially and temporarily, restored.

The political dimension. Many on the near and further left of the nation's political spectrum, among them many who had gone down to smashing defeat with McGovern, saw Watergate as an opportunity to weaken if not nullify the political consequences of the election. In this they have had some success, but the resolution, with Gerald Ford replacing Nixon, has blocked them from their maximum objective.

The institutional dimension. The Constitution defines three branches of government: Legislative, Executive, Judiciary. For several generations it has been fairly generally realized that the bureaucracy has become, de facto, a fourth branch. The Watergate affair suggests that in our day the mass media are close to becoming a fifth. Watergate would probably not have swollen to such huge size without the continuous treatment that the media gave it.

The sociological dimension. In the 1972 election

For National Tranquility

There is one way and one way only by which the crisis can be resolved, and the country pulled out of the Watergate swamp. . . .

If the President withdrew, this crisis would be resolved. Watergate scars would remain, of course. The debris would have to be cleaned up. There would still be many of the problems that have issued out of Watergate—not to mention the other mammoth problems our country faces.

But the organic, integrated, pervasive crisis of the regime would at once fall apart into separated elements.

Self-evidently, the impeachment process would end. Congress would be automatically discharged of the Watergate affair and could devote itself to its legislative business. A new President would be at the helm, with the capacity to inspire and to restrain the Congress; to reach out to the people with the restored authority and moral strength that is so essential an ingredient of the Presidency. . . .

I cannot guarantee that the course I have recommended will bring our nation tranquility—but it will, most certainly, free our nation from the particular spiritual crisis that Watergate has made the central political fact of our time. . . .

Richard Nixon's resignation now—before any irreversible action takes place in the impeachment process—would be, and should be, a free, positive, and magnanimous act on his part. It would be an act of sacrifice for the achievement of the goals that he has proclaimed.

—Senator James L. Buckley

March 19, 1974

there was a regrouping of popular forces that has been given much attention by those who now call themselves psephologists. The 1972 election lineup marked what, if it were carried further, would have become or may become a sort of social revolution, through which the rising elite of the newer and fastest developing regions of the country would take first place from the traditional ruling elite of the Northeast/Middle Atlantic region. Nixon was the official leader of the possible "new majority," and Watergate can also be seen as a counterattack by the older elite in defense of its traditional dominant position in the nation's affairs.

The historical dimension. These great institutional and sociological displacements that have been taking place under the Watergate logo are not finished with the conclusion of the Watergate episode; not even, for very long, suspended. The equilibrium among the different sections of the country and the different social groups will continue to shift; it seems likely that some sort of "new majority" is definitely in process of formation even if its evolution has been delayed and perhaps altered by the Watergate experience.

What's in It for Teddy?

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

I WAS AGAINST the Nixon-Kissinger trip to Peking. I think we could have won the war in Vietnam at an early date with the right kind of strategy. But, under circumstances prevailing after 1969, I must reluctantly admit that Nixon's reversal of our Asian policy was probably the only sensible thing that could have been done. The country wouldn't have supported anything else.

Too much had gone wrong with our conduct of the Indochina war. We had failed to build up the South Vietnamese army fast enough; we had not given Saigon the sort of aviation that might have made the threat to bomb dikes and drown the enemy's rear a diplomatic counter capable of forestalling Red Chinese intervention. The campuses in the U.S. had gotten out of hand; the older population, while not exactly war weary (few people were sacrificing very much), was tired of domestic hell-raising. Nixon had to make the best deal on South Vietnam that he and Henry Kissinger could contrive—and in exacting a tacit promise from Peking to lay off on aid to Hanoi as we withdrew our army from South Vietnam we really did get what amounted to a truce (not a peace) with provisional honor.

The word "provisional" is important. By implication we committed our honor to sustaining enough power in Saigon to keep the Vietcong and their North Vietnamese instigators and accomplices from overthrowing Thieu, taking over his country, and disastrously outflanking whatever might remain of a free Cambodia and Laos.

To date, we have been getting away with what Kissinger, who suggests Talleyrand more than Metternich, has managed to wring out of a situation in which all the big powers are suffering from overbearing domestic woes and a ubiquitous tiredness. The only trouble is that some people aren't tired. There is a clique in the U.S. that would like to see us thoroughly defeated in Southeast Asia, and it works without cease to commit enough senators and representatives to destroying South Vietnam without waiting for any particular help from Moscow or Peking.

What we have is a body of fellow travelers, not of the Mao-that-is, but of

the Mao-that-was. Who are they? They go, as is the habit of "front" manipulators, by many innocent sounding names. There is the Indochina Resource Center, which Nicholas Von Hoffman vouches for as "an antiwar research group with a long record of accuracy." The Indochina Resource Center objects that money spent on sustaining Thieu and Cambodia's Lon Nol adds up to a couple of hundred million more than goes for assistance to the rest of the world, a statement that quite ignores the substantial stake every vulnerable, small, non-Communist country has in our guarantee of Saigon's safety.

THEN there is the Tom Hayden/Jane Fonda team, which convened a gaggle of 200 antiwar activists at Germantown, Ohio last autumn to plan for liberal seminars on Capitol Hill pitched at converting the administrative assistants of key congressmen to the view that Thieu (shades of Chiang Kai-shek!) is corrupt and therefore undeserving of further military or economic aid.

Eating out of the same fondue bowl with Fonda there is the Coalition to Stop Funding the War, which advertises itself as a holding company for 30 religious and "peace" groups. Larry Levin, a staff member of the Coalition, has testified on his organization's methods of bringing pressure from Washington on local churches, unions, and antiwar societies to erupt with "grass roots" demands to stop aid to Saigon.

Continuing with the multiple fronts, there are the Vietnam Veterans against the War, the Berrigans, the People's Coalition for Peace and Justice, the National Peace Committee, the SDS, SANE, Women Strike for Peace, the American Friends Service Committee, Clergy and Laity Concerned, the Ad Hoc Committee to Cut Off War Funds, and who knows what else, some of them semi-moribund but capable of being revived when needed for a demonstration or a letterhead campaign.

The whole tissue would cry for comparison to Willi Münzenberg's plethora of fronts organized from Paris in the Stop Hitler years of the middle Thirties if it were not for one significant difference: the American public, this time, is not interested in crusading for anything or against anything. It is tired, tired, tired, and it just wants out.

Apathy, alas, serves Tom Hayden and Jane Fonda just as much as the really vibrant anti-Nazi sentiment served Communist Willi Münzenberg in the Thirties. Nobody is organized on the anti-Hayden side in a Coalition to Keep Communism from Spreading, or a Committee to Preserve the Freedom of the Indian Ocean, or a Let's End the Guerrilla Madness Committee, or an Ad Hoc Group to Keep the Strong Points of the World in Democratic Hands. We don't do things that way. The best we can do is to sponsor an occasional forum to keep aid to South Vietnam alive. One such forum was held in the spring on Capitol Hill, with the American Conservative Union, Young Americans for Freedom, and the Young Republican National Federation convening a panel that included Frank Sieverts, a State Department adviser on POW affairs; Navy Captain Ed Martin, a six-year war prisoner in North Vietnam; Elbridge Durbrow, a former ambassador to Saigon; Reed Irvine of Accuracy in Media; Ed Feulner, executive director of the new House Republican Steering Committee; and Congressmen Phil Crane and G. V. Montgomery.

In contrast to the Jane Fonda-type seminar, the Sieverts-Martin-Feulner panel was open, and liberals in the audience weighed in with their one-sided horror stories. The panelists held their own, with Phil Crane refuting from personal observation the weepy liberal allegations about "tiger cage" jails and Ed Feulner presenting details about Hanoi's infiltration of some 600 tanks and 1,000 artillery pieces into South Vietnam over a Ho Chi Minh Trail that "looked like Shirley Highway at five in the afternoon." It was all

Mr. Chamberlain is a columnist for King Features.

good stuff, but the media made little of it, and in any case it was a one-shot affair.

Henry Kissinger has been quite definite in saying that "we have committed ourselves very substantially, both politically and morally" to the South Vietnamese. Kissinger knows that a U.S. failure to follow through on "short of war" help to an ally anywhere would have disastrous consequences in his own special theater of the Middle East. But Kissinger has no watchful permanent organization ready to confront Fred Branfman, director of the Indo-chinese Resource Center, with relevant arguments about the political interconnectedness of the Singapore and the Suez entrances to the Indian Ocean. It is *démodé* these days to talk about keeping world trade arteries open, or about losing the Eurasian land mass to a "heartland" giant or giants, or about helping your friends to help themselves. Dorothy Thompson has been dead a long time now, and who is there left to remind us of Sir Halford Mackinder's fears of losing the "world island" (Europe, Asia, and Africa) to powers committed to living by jihad?

One can see why Representatives Bella Abzug and Ron Dellums listen to Tom Hayden and Jane Fonda. They wouldn't boggle over anything calculated to isolate the U.S. They want to see the Left win everywhere. But Teddy

Kennedy, along with such of his senatorial colleagues as Fulbright, Church, and Mathias, is a more puzzling proposition.

Teddy's brother, President John F. Kennedy, was the original architect of our South Vietnamese involvement. If we don't absolutely lose the struggle in Indochina to the Communists, John F. Kennedy will be justified in history. Teddy himself continued to support his brother's war in 1965, when Lyndon Johnson was busy dispatching all those troops (on the cuff, so far as the taxpayers were concerned) 8,000 miles across the Pacific. "Are we concerned at all about people in a far and distant land?" so Teddy asked the students at Lowell Technological Institute in 1965. "Do we want to defend freedom? We do," he said, "because this is our commitment, our heritage, our destiny."

Ringin' words! But today Teddy is extremely angry at U.S. Ambassador to Saigon Graham Martin for upholding Kissinger's defense of what used to be John F. Kennedy's concern and Teddy's own perception of our destiny. Martin didn't want to give Teddy a "tactical advantage" by providing him with answers to certain questions before Kissinger had had the opportunity to present the entire aid to South Vietnam case to the Foreign Relations Committee.

Teddy, with half his heart set on run-

ning for the Presidency in 1976, naturally wants to do the popular thing. A careless isolationism happens to be a popular 1974 mood. Our emotions are no longer involved in South Vietnam one way or the other. Americans are no longer dying in jungles, nobody is being drafted into an "imperialist" army, and the money that goes to Saigon is not what causes our hyperinflation. It is apathy, not anything more positive, that explains the mood. But the mood assumes that isolationism can have no dangerous consequences anywhere.

SOME of the senators who have followed Teddy's leadership in the fight to deny money to Saigon undoubtedly have a *Schadenfreude* interest in encompassing our complete defeat in Southeast Asia. By cutting off "short of war" help for Thieu they can make their prophecy of disaster a self-fulfilling one. But what has Teddy, who made no early predictions of defeat, to gain by throwing in with the *Schadenfreude* brigade? If aid were to be denied to Thieu, and nothing adverse were to happen (a most unlikely thing), it wouldn't mean a single 1976 vote one way or another. You can't make political capital out of something that isn't felt. On the other hand, if a cutoff of funds were to result in the collapse of the Thieu government, with the Communists taking over key posts all over Indochina, the American public would quickly discover they were living in a most frightening world. That would really lose votes for Teddy or anyone else who had helped engineer the loss.

The veterans of the "peace movement"—all those followers of Jane Fonda, Dr. Ben Spock, and the rest—couldn't care less if we were to throw away every last dollar we have committed to Vietnam and every last life we lost in a decade of active participation in the war. But Teddy Kennedy hasn't been a committed "peace movement" man; he has merely been an opportunist who changes color as the political landscape changes. A frightened America would quickly turn to a stronger symbol once the reality of isolation had dawned.

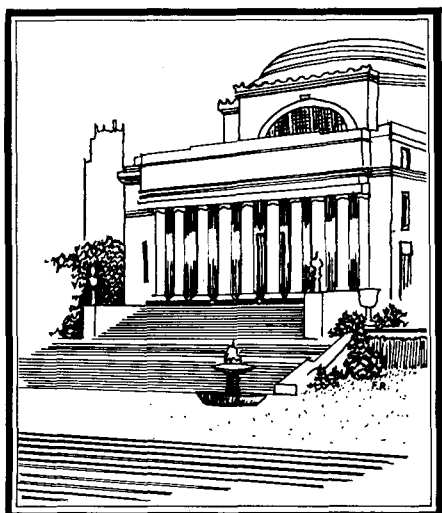
Henry Jackson and/or George Wallace would be better Democratic bets in 1976 than a Kennedy who had made a faulty diagnosis and really lost his brother's war. □



"... Buddy, can you spare a dime? ... Buddy, can you spare a dime? ...
Buddy, can you spare a dime? ..."

BLACK COP-OUT

ERNEST VAN DEN HAAG



Black studies were conceived in error, born in haste, fostered by guilt, and dedicated to an unworkable proposition. And will not succeed until it is discovered that scholarship has no color.

Mr. van den Haag, Adjunct Professor of Social Philosophy at New York University and Lecturer in Psychology and Sociology at the New School, is co-author, with George Roche and Alan Reynolds, of The Balancing Act, from which this article was taken. It will be published by Open Court later this month.

ENOUGH TIME has passed since a wave of black studies engulfed our institutions of higher learning to sort out what was swept in, what remains, and what ought to remain.

Black studies have little or nothing to do with African studies, long pursued at our universities by anthropologists and political scientists. Black studies were a response to social unrest among students who demanded them. The events that led to a sudden surge of courses, departments, or entire institutes devoted to black or Afro-American studies are too recent to need detailed rehearsing. The institutes were offered in practically all instances as solutions, palliatives, or placebos for a social problem or a problem of student behavior. Their scientific, as distinguished from their social, relevance had not been previously felt or shown: black studies were not produced by a felt endogenous need of scholarship. Indeed there were and there still are few qualified scholars who specialize in the fields on which the institutes concentrate.

The origin of the demand for them does not decide the value of black studies, nor do the motivations of those who demanded them: the usefulness or legitimacy of the product is not determined by its origin. However, motivations may shed some light on the shape, the limitations, and the immediate future of black studies as currently practiced.

The administration that yielded to demands for black studies wished to appease a restless and, at times, dangerous

student body which had demanded them. On this the evidence is persuasive. It would be hard to explain otherwise the hasty nomination of academically unqualified persons, their racial and political selection, or the bargaining processes that went on in quite a number of universities between administrators and student power groups. Even the formal programs of most institutes had an improvised air. Where, as at Harvard, an ad hoc faculty committee prepared an academically respectable program, the faculty, under student pressure, rejected its report to adopt a program more responsive to the demands of political and racial groups and less rigorously tied to the standards of academic responsibility.

White students and faculty members—whose pressure or, at least, support was everywhere decisive—backed the black demands largely because the demands were black and, therefore, appealed to feelings of obligation and guilt. (The guilt feelings of white Americans are hard to overestimate. Recent history is not intelligible without taking them into account.) The motives of the blacks who made the demands are harder to disentangle because they often were inconsistent, inchoate, or even self-defeating. If demands advanced merely for the sake of “confrontation” are disregarded, many demands still were incompatible with academic norms and actually injurious to the long run interests of all students.

In the main it appears that black students wanted to be accepted by, and to participate in, white institutions, yet to

be separated from them. They wished, as it were, to have a black enclave in the white institution so that they could both pursue black goals and be sheltered from the academic standards and demands, such as they are, which prevail for nonblack students. The enclave would serve to exempt them from the rules of competition applied to white students. In turn, this exemption would permit the acceptance of additional blacks who might otherwise be ineligible. And it would make it possible for black faculty to be exempted from competition with whites or, better still, to be privileged relative to them. This intended avoidance of the academic status quo was to be covered by the prestige of the institutions that would grant degrees. That much is clear both from the initial demands and from subsequent developments in most black studies institutes. There are exceptions. Sometimes the faculty within, more often outside, the program insisted on its not being used as a shelter from academic standards. When successful, such faculty pressure often caused the program to wilt. On the other hand, programs used as academic dumping grounds for insufficiently prepared students too often were expanded.

What do black studies offer capable and well motivated students? Black institutes were to create courses and to do research on black culture (often in that suspect order). They were to produce a black historiography extolling black merits and contributions. This was to contribute to black pride and to the creation of a black self-image of adequacy and achievement in students and in the black community at large. It was frequently demanded that the institutes or special programs should be staffed and attended exclusively, or at least mainly, by blacks and also be controlled by them rather than by traditional (white) departments and by the usual university norms.

ANOTHER initial aim was to use the institutes to generate action by the community or by its militants to organize the black community for social goals. The black institutes were to provide an activist elite, to develop tactics and strategy, and to elaborate the goals of a new social order favorable to blacks or generally to "the oppressed" or "the third world." In some views these goals required deposing, more or less forcefully, the ruling elite—white and "capitalist"—from positions of power and organizing to replace them.

The black ideology to be elaborated was thought by many to require an invalidation of "white" science and of other "white" goals, particularly of the goal of "value free" social inquiry. The black institutes were to repudiate what was regarded as the pseudo-objectivity of science in favor of commitment to the struggle for black power objectives. The institutes were to lead toward these objectives rather than merely to study them.

Traces of these ideas can still be found in all black studies institutes, although the influence each exercises relative to others is hard to assess. By and large, the more radical ideas have receded somewhat.

Three questions must be considered:

1. Which of these purposes are desirable and achievable? If any are, which are consistent with the nature of an academic community?
2. How are these goals best achieved? (Are "institutes" a better means than possible alternatives?)

3. Can black institutes meet needs of black and white students and of society at large beyond and apart from the goals listed?

Many black students come from a background that has left them intellectually and socially less prepared for college study than white students. Black students, therefore, may tend to avoid competition with whites by "doing their own thing." They may repudiate study (a white middle class thing) and gain academic status by "revolutionary" activities, or, more often, by revolutionary rhetoric, or by specializing in subjects in which they feel their experience gives them a competitive edge or even a monopoly.

IF THERE were an infinite range of possible subjects and methods, all of equal importance, validity, and usefulness—an illusion the American college has too often fostered—the attempt to create a black reservation with black subjects, methods, etc. sheltered from white competition would not be objectionable. But this is not the case. Some subjects, methods, and procedures are intellectually valuable and capable of sharpening analytical power; others are not. Some subjects are helpful for career purposes; others are not. Finally some institutional settings are prestige bearing, while others are not. Middle class blacks have recognized as much. So have others ambitious for upward mobility. Therefore middle class blacks concentrate on vocational preparation. Their "revolutionary" brothers often depict this ambition as a betrayal, and black institutes cater to this rejection.

Yet advancing minorities above all need an educated leadership—people who can staff institutions and provide the professional services that otherwise must be obtained from outside. If the advance of the minority is measured by its share of power, prestige, income, and achievement, then it directly depends on the provision of the services and the occupation of the positions to which education is the main route—provided that it is an education that can lead to professional careers in, for example, engineering, medicine, dentistry, law, accounting, teaching, administrative or executive positions, or to successful business careers, and in general to the provision of those cultural requirements on which "advancement" depends. Black studies institutes are not needed for, or likely to help in, acquiring the education useful for careers in American society. They are more likely to divert from it. At best they prepare for teaching in black studies institutes. Too often they offer educational credentials without the educational achievement which would enable students to utilize them. The alumni therefore are likely to become embittered: they went to college; they got the credentials; their ambitions were fostered; but they cannot be fulfilled, for they did not learn anything that would entitle them to the position to which they feel entitled by virtue of their credentials.

Black studies institutes will not assist in careers or professions, even where the prestige of the university from which the student graduates counts more than what he has learned there. For the effect of the prestige of the university which the student attended will be diminished to the extent to which it becomes known that he studied and graduated not according to standards and practices of the university in general, but according to those applied by a black studies institute. The more independent these institutes are from general university standards and controls, the lower the

university prestige of those known to have received their education from them.

Black studies institutes are, then, in at least the immediate sense, counterproductive: they do not provide blacks with the tools required to acquire prestige and income in the existing society and to occupy positions of power. This, rhetoric to the contrary notwithstanding, has not much to do with joining "the system," even if doing so were wrong. However "revolutionary," any society needs the skills black studies do not provide while the usefulness of those provided is likely to be modest. Socialism requires physicians or accountants as much as capitalism. Possibly those who train for black political leadership may find the institutes useful. But few of these are needed, and it remains to be seen how useful their training will make them in the positions they will occupy by virtue of it.

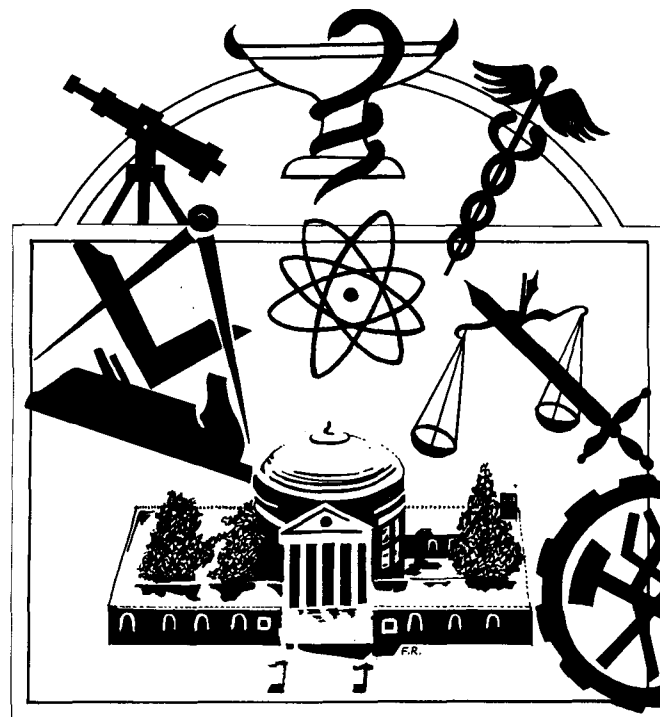
IN THE material sense, then, black institutes are not likely to be useful to black students or to the black community at large. The fact that students demanded these institutes should not confuse our evaluation of them. What students demand is not necessarily what is useful to them or to society. India and South America illustrate this all too abundantly today. The history of universities has been characterized *ab initio* by pitched battles between what students demand and what is demanded of them—between the desire for easy ways to status, power, and income, and the requirements society must impose.

One argument in favor of black institutes—that they may strengthen and improve the self-image of blacks by giving it a satisfactory historical dimension—makes sense. The creation of such a self-image may be as useful as providing the skills needed for careers. Perhaps it is a prerequisite.

Certainly the major difficulty that distinguishes the struggle of blacks for advancement from that of other minorities is a self-image of inadequacy and nonachievement. Jews, for instance, and numerous other minorities, have in their way suffered no less from discrimination than blacks. Some disappeared as groups—an option not available to blacks. Those who survived usually could look back on times of achievement and glory, and they were able to cultivate their own ideals of achievement. They may have exchanged their old culture for the new American culture; but they had

There is no doubt that changing the self-conception of blacks is of extreme importance

something to exchange. However, the tribal cultures of blacks were shattered beyond recovery when they were enslaved. On the way to America they lost ancestors, family, tribe, language, religion, custom, tradition, skills, art—indeed, all the constituents of culture. They were allowed a secondhand American culture within which they were regarded as outcasts. They were prevented in the main from occupying positions of prestige and from achieving success. The effects of this process on their self-image were destructive. There is no doubt that changing the self-conception of blacks is of extreme importance. The felt need for this



change underlies the comparative effectiveness of such movements as the Nation of Islam, the Black Panthers, and so forth. By meeting this need these movements have beneficial effects on individual and group cohesion and on self-respect.

However, it may be doubted that black studies institutes can be useful here and at the same time seek the truth as academic institutions must. The Nation of Islam, the Panthers, and similar groups not only have a racial, not to say racist, basis; they also have a fanciful ideology. It is hard to see how either can be cultivated in an academic setting, harder still to see how, without them, black institutes can perform the psychological function of improving the black self-image. Culture and cultural pride and a self-image of adequacy cannot be produced by the purely intellectual manipulations universities function to provide. Least of all can they be produced on short order without doing violence to reality and to historical truth. The attempt to do so is self-defeating and, although temporarily useful in a purely political, religious, or organizational setting, it is inadmissible in an academic one.

Political group therapy is not likely to work. At any rate the university is not the place for it. The most effective way to help blacks and thereby the black self-image is to foster not black studies, but studies by blacks—as Sir Arthur Lewis (an economist who is black), Kenneth Clark (a black member of the New York State Board of Regents), and others have suggested.

What about the black studies institute as an action agency? The university (or any of its instructional branches) can become an action agency only at the price of giving up its academic character, which requires that each professor be allowed to seek and profess knowledge as he sees fit and that none be constrained to profess what is decided by an authority—e.g., by an administration, or by a party or group which decides on a "line." Different professors may profess different ideas. But they are to organize knowledge (or the teaching thereof) only, and not people, except for the sake

of knowledge. They cannot, therefore, recruit or organize for political or social action. In turn, students, as students, attend the university to be instructed and, one hopes, to learn, not to be committed *qua* students to anything else.

The university, then, is an "ivory tower," a place for reflection on means and ends, for analysis of alternative courses of action, of conceivable commitments, but a place itself committed exclusively to the process of analysis and to reflection, not to action or commitment. In American society it is one of the very few places dedicated to reflection and research.

The most effective way to help blacks and thereby the black self-image is to foster not black studies, but studies by blacks

Now, neither students nor professors are exclusively students or professors. They are also persons and citizens, male, female, black, white, and as such engaged in, or committed to, manifold activities and goals beyond the search for knowledge. They are entitled to their commitments provided that these do not prevent the open-minded pursuit of truth or subvert the university by committing it or any part of it (or, for that matter, of science) to goals, actions, values, or movements which hinder the search for truth.

Thus every scholar has to impose restraint on himself. Few will wholly succeed; but the attempt is part of scholarship. The attempt of judges to do justice and of priests to follow religious precepts is part of their vocation. The attempt of scholars to follow truth wherever it leads must be part of their vocation. The restraint on organizational commitment can and must be imposed by the university. Just as the post office need not and should not be committed to anything but postal service—even though its employees each

may have strong opinions on war and peace, poverty, race, and crime—so the university need not and should not have commitments other than to research, teaching, and learning, though, indeed, its members may have strong opinions on the state of the world. Such opinions should not commit the department or institute or university, and ideally should leave the individual scholar able to pursue truth, whether conforming to or contrary to those opinions.

The argument that no one can wholly succeed in being objective, that science can never be altogether "value free," if only in the selection of problems, won't wash. Priests rarely become perfect in their devotion to religion or judges in their justice. This does not argue against striving for perfection, or giving up. It does not argue for ordination of nonreligious priests either, or for nominating biased judges.

It follows that a black studies institute cannot be committed to anything but the search for knowledge. It cannot be an action agency without losing its academic character. In the past institutes and colleges often were committed to specific ideologies; for example, to a religious sect. They either have ceased to impose the discipline of their ideology, or have lost their academic character to become vocational schools—often good ones. But it seems pointless to repeat that experience by replacing religion with politics.

If it would be wrong for black studies institutes to be committed to ideologies and actions on which there is agreement among members, it would in addition be impractical to be committed to action when there is no unanimity. The attempts by various factions to commit the institute to different actions or ideologies could not but lead to power struggles in which the search for truth would be the first victim.

Can black studies institutes be useful, then, in purely academic terms when otherwise uncommitted? They could foster scholarship in their area as do other institutes devoted to the exploration of, for example, Chinese culture, ancient history, Italian or Jewish culture, or foreign policy. Unfortunately most show little inclination in that direction so far. The pressures that originated them continue to exercise a baleful influence. Take the statement of purpose of the Institute of Afro-American Affairs at New York University, which seems fairly typical, and discouraging. Note that such statements understandably stress the most respectable parts of the actual practice. NYU promised that "the most



The university is a place committed exclusively to the process of analysis and to reflection, not to action or commitment

important result of the Institute will be its dedication to the development of outstanding black students." (The "result of the Institute" [?] will be its own "dedication"? Perhaps. Accuracy, not to speak of elegance, in the use of the English language was not promised. But let that go.)

Why are the "outstanding" students to be racially selected? Is the rest of the University to cultivate "dedication to the development of outstanding white students"? Should not all parts of the University attempt to teach (or "develop") students regardless of color? The Institute might dedicate itself to the development of students (any color)

Black studies institutes are not needed for, or likely to help in, acquiring the education useful for careers in American society

“outstanding” in black studies. But “outstanding black students”? (Incidentally, nothing is likely to harm blacks more than this reverse discrimination.*)

The statement continues: “It is possible that the students in some courses will be predominantly black but in other instances the students may be predominantly white. This differentiation will not be based on color but rather on the depth of experience that the students have related to the area covered by the course. Black students come to the University with a great insight and awareness of what it means to live in a black community or a black urban ghetto or, to be more precise, what it is to live the black experience. White students do not have this type of insight and therefore might require a different type of experience.”

Either this means that students are to register regardless of race—which would not need to be said—or that race will be considered in registration. The latter is obviously the case, though the language is decently obscure. If a school board were to declare, “White students come with a great insight and awareness of what it means to live in a white community—what it is to live the white experience; black students do not have this type of insight and therefore might require a different type of experience,” we might call such a school board “racist.” The statement of the Institute of Afro-American Affairs rationalizes imposed racial segregation no less than a white statement might do by pretending that color, or experience, necessarily indicates “insight,” or absence of it.

Obviously having an experience is confused here with having insight into one’s experience, or with studying it. A drunk (or, for that matter, a teetotaler) has an experience but not necessarily an insight into it. Nor is he a better student of the effects of alcohol (or of abstemiousness) than one who is not involved in drinking (or in opposing drinking).

Even if experience and insight were identical, or nearly so, there would be no justification for making color a criterion for learning ability or admission to classes. Differences in insight or ability can be revealed by appropriate tests which measure them independently of the presumption that the color of the student is necessarily correlated to them. If blacks are less equipped for studies (as used to be believed) or more equipped for some studies (as is here stated), why not test the presence of this difference in mental equipment rather than make color (or experience) into a self-fulfilling prophecy of ability?

If an institute of Afro-American affairs has a *raison d’être* beyond the search for truth or, perhaps, as a byproduct thereof, it might be to show by example that the ability of the student to master a subject—his potential—should not be prejudged on the basis of his color or of his prior experience, but determined exclusively on the basis of his performance. Programmatic statements to the contrary indicate an identification with the (racist) aggressor, which can be

understood but not indulged by a self-respecting university.

The educational program of the Institute at NYU typically is to be “concerned with all areas of relevance to blacks.” “Relevance to blacks,” however, is the question, not the answer. Are not blacks, being human, being citizens, workers, consumers, and so forth, interested in chemistry or sociology and in the truth of chemical or sociological analysis and predictions just as much as whites? Why is Plato, psychoanalysis, economic analysis, or the Byzantine Empire less relevant to them than to whites?

“Relevance to blacks” is illustrated by a proposed, all too typical course, “Economics and the Black Man.” Wherein could economics and the black man differ from economics and the white, yellow, or red man? Economic concepts obviously are the same for all men and equally applicable, just as mathematical concepts are equally applicable to the demography of black and white men. Yet it is proposed “to ascertain if there is an economics of the [black] community and, if there is, to identify those factors which differentiate it from the economics in the community at large—to study those economic factors that relate specifically to the community. As a result of the research done in this area, it will be possible to have a better understanding of how to deal with the problem.” (It is unclear what “the problem” is and what “to deal” with it would mean.) But, above all, the writer seems to be under the impression that there are white and black economics. However, economics is colorless. It deals not with blacks and whites, but with employees and employers, resources, income, consumers, and so forth. Now, what the writer may have had in mind is that a much greater proportion of blacks than whites is poor; but he should have remembered that, nonetheless, far more whites are poor than blacks. Perhaps the causes of poverty differ. But not the tools with which these causes must be analyzed. There is, therefore, no reason to treat the study of poverty, or of any such matter, as a “black study,” let alone invent black economics. Indeed, nothing to which economics is relevant can be relevant only to blacks. Even the study of the economic causes and effects of discrimination cannot be of less relevance to whites than to blacks; and the tools of such a study must be the tools of economic and sociological analysis, which can be commanded only as a

There is no more a “black economics” than there is a “Jewish physics”

result not of a black or white study, but of a study of colorless sciences. There is no more a “black economics” than there is a “Jewish physics.”

Because it is colorless itself, science can study all colors—not just black and white (e.g., *The Economics of Discrimination*, by Gary Becker). Institutes occasionally help (e.g., African historiography needs research and people to do it); but not if they put colored glasses on their members. The black studies institutes seem more responsive to present academic politics and past student politics than to the requirements of scholarly objectivity. And they seem less likely to equip their students—black or white—for life in American society than the college curriculum outside the institutes. □

*See my *The Jewish Mystique* (Delta, 1971), Chapter IV.

Some Thoughts on Professor Shockley (by a Professional Obscurantist)

S. L. VARNADO

I DON'T KNOW anything about Science, but I know what I like. And what I like is for Science to leave me alone. My attitude toward Science is the same as my attitude toward Rock Music, and might best be described as benign neglect. Let Science (and Rock Music, for that matter) go its way, and I will go mine.

I know nothing, for instance, of DNA. The initials sound as dull on my ear as the initials of a government bureau. I don't know what Boyle's Law of Gaseous Expansion is all about and, what's more, I don't care. Perhaps it is something Boyle thought up one night after a heavy meal. I am not curious about Black Holes—in fact, I am not at all sure that I even believe in them. (A scientist friend of mine opened the windows of doubt by hinting that they are not holes at all, in the proper sense, but rather compact masses of matter. Probably, upon inspection, they will turn out to be beige or chartreuse.)

Or again, take the work of that illustrious psychologist Dr. B. F. Skinner. The man had grown old and famous before I even knew who he was; and when I found out, I still labored for some time under the confused impression that his book *Beyond Freedom and Dignity* was some sort of study of marriage.

Enough, you say. The man is obviously an untutored lunatic, or at best an amateur obscurantist whose views need scarcely detain a denizen of the twentieth century. All of which I admit without shame. There are scientists and pseudoscientists enow, and to them I gratuitously leave the field. But, then, once in a while a scientist comes along

with a theory that sets my ganglia on edge, so to speak, and one such man is the eminent Professor William Shockley. I take a keen—even an unhealthy—interest in him. I see his theories as jeopardizing not only The Races of Man (a problem The Races of Man will have to worry about) but my own hitherto happy marriage. Of course, when something like this happens, I drop all pose of amateur obscurantist. Gathering my charts, my graphs, my proliferating data, and my Gatorade about me, I attack without quarter. I become a Professional Obscurantist.

Professor William Shockley, as I suppose everybody knew long before I did, is the redoubtable genius who helped invent the conjunction transistor, for which feat he was awarded part of the Nobel Prize (and for which feat he must bear part of the guilt for Rock Music). Then, having no new solid states to conquer, and not content to rest upon his components, he turned a roving eye upon the science of genetics. This, I take it, is a dangerous thing to do, especially when you are approaching middle age, as Shockley was. It is the scientific equivalent of philandering, and if Shockley wasn't aware of the signs, his wife should have been. She should have put him to beating rugs and working crossword puzzles. But she didn't. In fact, I believe she encouraged him. The wife, they say, is always the last to know.

FROM Shockley's affair with Genes and Permutations came a large body of conclusions (all of them disputable), which I shall attempt to summarize. First, Shockley has collected statistics which tend to show that the median IQ scores of members of the Black Race are 10 to 20 points lower than the median IQ scores of members of the

White Race. (Shockley, I have noticed, always says "10 to 20 points"—never "10 points" or "20 points." This gives his statistics a casual, or even debonair, air that offends even such an obscurantist as I. It is the way my wife talks.) Secondly, he has statistics indicating that the poorer members of both the Black and White Races—and especially those with low IQ scores—are outbreeding the rest of the population. This, he feels, is lowering the general IQ score of the nation, a condition that causes him unimaginable agony. For Shockley, lowering the IQ score of the nation is about what lowering the debt ceiling would be to a liberal Democrat.

All this sort of thing (racial IQ disparity, overpopulation by low IQ scorers, etc.) Shockley calls by the name Dysgenics. Now Dysgenics is an interesting word. It means "the retrogressive evolution through the disproportionate reproduction of the genetically disadvantaged." Shockley apparently loves both the word and its fantastic definition. It has the sort of sesquipedalian hue that seems to color most of his own statements. One imagines him going around the house muttering this sort of thing all day.

AT ANY rate, having analyzed the evils of Dysgenics, Shockley goes on to propose solutions. (By "evil," I mean evil to Shockley. To me, Dysgenics, if it really occurs, is an appealing process. Imagine people "evolving" backwards! What a delightful prospect. I know several ladies I would much prefer as horses.) Shockley's solutions to this supposed problem all turn, in one way or another, on sterilization. He wants to sterilize Poor Blacks and Poor Whites. He proposes to sterilize those who pay no income tax, a matter of concern, I am sure, to rich Republicans—and Democrats. And he especially hopes to offer monetary inducements to people below 80 IQ to get themselves voluntarily sterilized. Indeed, his proclivities in this direction seem so intense that I would scarcely trust my reproductive system within a mile of the man. Who knows what he might attempt in a moment of absentmindedness?

It is conclusions and solutions of this kind that have me so stirred up. I am worried about the long term effects of this sort of thing on my own marriage.

(Continues on page 993)

Mr. Varnado has published articles in The Wanderer, Thought, and several other scholarly journals.

THE HISTORY of popular American theology in the last decade is a history of some ludicrous miscalculations of the future. Pop theology is a particular expression of lay-oriented theology after World War II, fortified by the phenomenon of mass religiosity during the 1950s. Many laymen started reading theology. Church membership was increasing. During the mid-1960s, as pop theology reached and began to fall away from its peak, the publishers were searching incessantly for that next great trend in theology, assuming that if they could just identify it in advance, they could supply books for the emerging market.

My thesis is: the central tradition of recent avant garde American theology has been almost consistently wrong in its estimate of the future. For that reason we have experienced an incredibly varied and demoralizing sequence of fads. Pop theology is by definition faddish, and it is not surprising that astute laymen and pastors should soon come to expect it to be ostentatious and shallow. When theology is accommodative and faddish and phony it does not deserve the attention of laity or clergy.

Key Miscalculations

I would like to demonstrate briefly that each of the key moments of pop theology of the 1960s miscalculated disastrously the situation to which it addressed itself.

1. Harvey Cox's *Secular City* is an obvious example. Cox idealized the city as a context for humanization and freedom just at the moment when the greatest American cities were beginning to fall to pieces. In 1964, Cox, only months before Watts, not only idealized the urban environment, but delivered a withering polemic against all pastoral, rural, and village images of ministry, mission, and community.

Much in that argument remains useful. But what he indisputably ignored was the unprecedented predicament of the city, and the fact that most of those who live in it these days do not judge the city to be the great humanizing context of freedom of which Cox wrote so romantically. Even as Cox wrote, youth culture was just beginning to search for

RELIGION

The Errors of "Pop" Theology

THOMAS C. ODEN

new, small-scale village images of the community and was developing communes. It was trying to learn to scratch the ground and produce its own food, to shape for itself a new social model on a very modest scale reminiscent of frontier America.

2. Another wave of pop theology, the promise of high level ecumenism, crested in the early Sixties just about the time the ecumenical movement was beginning to ebb. Among young people today there is a pervasive boredom concerning the desirability or the necessity to build ecumenical institutions.

3. Pop theology probably reached its apex around 1965 with the death of God movement, and for about two or three years, because of the exceptional interest of the media, the death of God was on everyone's lips, as if it were something of general importance to American religious communities. The irony in all this was that just at the time the death of God was being reported, there was beginning to take shape quietly in youth culture and in the counterculture a profound God trip, a serious quest for religious experience, a new concern to nurture the meditative disciplines.

4. Another high point in pop theology was William Hamilton's famous essay, "The New Optimism," in which he spoke of the new affirmation of man beyond existential despair and of the new joyful spirit at work in culture. The publication of that essay coincided almost exactly with the escalation of our involvement in Vietnam. It would be hard to find a social moment in the history of the West which has been more demoralized and pessimistic than the moment that immediately followed Hamilton's essay.

5. After the death of God and the new optimism came the brief, fast-fading moment for a "theology of revolution," when Richard Shaull, Stephen Rose, and others had some relaxed armchair talk about bloody revolution as an option for Christian political ethics. What its proponents did not

anticipate was that the American context which they were addressing was at that time moving in a conserving, stabilizing direction: at the very moment of the most volatile talk of revolutionary politics, American labor, management, and politics were taking a decisively conservative turn.

6. Charles Reich's *The Greening of America* was another alleged wave of the future; it was no sooner published than it was thoroughly out of date. It depended upon fads which were already changing while the galleys were being read.

Antidote to Error

Bandwagon "wave-of-the-future" theology has proven to be a very hazardous occupation in an era of accelerating change, especially when the continuities of history are not as evident as its discontinuities, and when the media focus the public eye upon society's distortions rather than its solidities. As a theologian who has lived through all this, and in fact ridden on his share of bandwagons, I am now generally dissatisfied with, and often feel abhorrence toward, the pop theologies of the last decade. They have been truly objectionable in many ways. What is the appropriate response to such developments? The same as before. The task of theology still remains to make consistent and intelligible the life of faith in the Christian community. It does not do this by simply trying to anticipate the direction of the future and flow with it. It may have to go against the stream.

The antidote to pop theology is thus classical, orthodox, holistic Christian thinking in dialogue with the emerging realities of history. It is a conserving radicalism, an attempt to reorient the Christian tradition in terms of the current situation of man, in terms of his predicament and his possibilities. That theology which is most accountable to Scripture and tradition will prove to be most accountable to the future. □

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THE McMANUS PLAN

*One plan for peace in Ireland is that of the Provos
who, this author claims, are getting a raw deal.
It even preserves, he says, the Protestant majority
in Ulster gerrymandered up in 1921*

A Way Out of Ireland's Dilemma?

JAMES FITZPATRICK

IT IS NOT EASY for an Irish American to take the long step backward, away from the Telstar-transmitted combat zone in the six occupied counties of Northern Ireland, in order to make a fair evaluation of the current military campaign of the Provisional IRA. For most Irish Americans, the words "Irish Republican Army" summon up memories of almost mythic heroes, deeds, scenes—the Republican tricolor being raised through the fire and smoke over the General Post Office in Dublin in 1916; the IRA gunmen saying the rosary before going into combat against the Black and Tans; the torchlight processions and rallies with which the Sinn Feiners were greeted after being released from the British prisons in 1917; thousands of Dubliners lining the docks, singing Peadar Kearney's rebel hymn (now Ireland's national anthem) "The Soldier's Song" in the firelight as Eamon de Valera and the Irish Volunteers set foot on Irish soil for the first time since the uprising . . . It is not easy—but let me make a stab at it.

Because, objectively, the Provisional IRA is getting a raw deal, especially from many Americans of Irish descent who have become so much a part of the American conservative movement. It is ironic that Irish Americans should criticize the IRA Provos so harshly as a result of reading accounts in the *Washington Post* and the *New York Times*—the same newspapers American conservatives distrust on so many other matters. Conservatives seem not to have



heard that the Provos (Green IRA) have broken with the Marxist Officials (Red IRA), and that the Provos refer disparagingly to the Officials as the "National Liberation Front." Likewise, everybody seems to know that the Provos' "atrocities" include the bombing of that bus carrying English soldiers and two children—and everybody seems to have missed the followup story a few days later (buried, it is true, in the back pages of the newspapers) in which an Irish Trotskyite group—definitely not associated with the Provos—admitted that it was responsible.

What other revolutionary anticolonial group in recent memory have the *Post* and the *Times* treated as "indiscriminate killers" and "vicious and cruel terrorists"? Before equating the Provos with Vietcong and Castroite types, conservatives should consider that the

American Left does not see it that way at all. Reviewing Jimmy Breslin's *World without End, Amen* in *The New York Review of Books*, Conor Cruise O'Brien recently assured his left wing audience that they had nothing to worry about: Breslin was implausible in having his right wing New York cop fraternizing easily, during his visit to Ireland, with Irish Marxists of the Official IRA breed. American right wing types, O'Brien noted, would feel much more at home with the Provos, whom he calls "plain, old-fashioned, nationalist, Catholic killers."

Provos and SDLP

A good explanation of the nature and purposes of the Provos appears in a short, direct, hard-hitting, yet temperate pamphlet called simply "Ulster." (It is available at any of the American offices of Irish Northern Aid.) Its author is Frank McManus, an ex-member of the British Parliament from the Fermanagh/South Tyrone section of Northern Ireland. Like Bernadette Devlin and other candidates associated with a strong Republican stance, McManus had a rough go of it in the last election, since the SDLP (Social Democratic Labor Party) decided to run candidates against them, thus splitting the Catholic vote.

The SDLP is a predominantly Catholic party, which basically agrees with the Provos' long range goal of a United Ireland, but does not feel that military force can achieve anything constructive at this point in Irish history. Unlike the IRA, they were willing to go along with the recently aborted "Sunningdale Plan" (worked out between SDLP-type Catholics and moderate Protestants under the direction of British Secretary

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William Whitelaw) for a Council of Ireland whose ultimate purpose was the unification of the country. It would be wrong to suppose the SDLP supporters in the last election were anti-IRA; in fact, most observers would agree that they are the sea in which the IRA fish swim. They backed off from full support of the Provo combat teams principally because they are exhausted by violence, not because they favor indefinite association with Britain. Had Sunningdale worked, the SDLP would have been pictured in history as wise and cautious moderates who saw the possibility of working for unification through a slow, but steady, evolution. The Protestant workers' strike of this spring, however, has relegated the Sunningdale agreement to the footnotes of Irish history. The Council of Ireland is a dead issue.

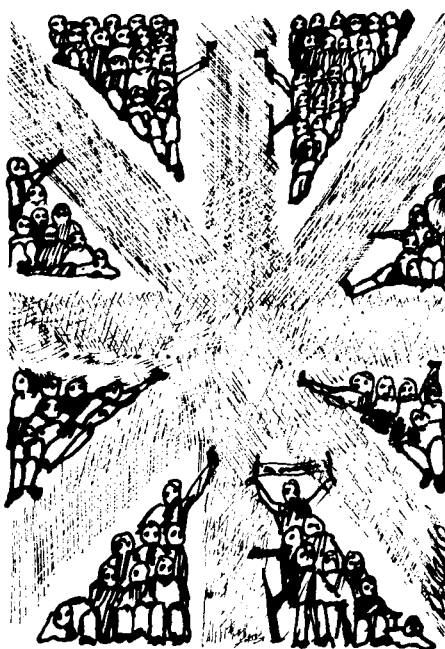
If all of England's 1974 "deals" meet with this fate, and result in no more progress than the 1921 "deal," and if bands of Orange-sashed Protestants are still parading through Derry in 1994 shouting "No Surrender!" the SDLP will be seen as timid dupes—while the Provos will take their place in legend and song with the "Bold Fenian Men" of old.

The Six Counties

Frank McManus is not a member of the Provisional IRA. The Provos are still an illegal, underground organization in both the North and South of Ireland. But he is close to Provisional Sinn Féin, the legal, political arm of the Provos, and to its *uachtaran* (president), Ruairi O'Bradaigh; his line of argument runs parallel to that found in *Eire Nua* (New Ireland), Sinn Féin's current social and political program for Ireland. McManus does not apologize for the current military campaign. He, unlike the *New York Times*, does not find it "terrorist."

In order to understand why the Provos resort to "terrorism," and why McManus, in turn, writes suspiciously of so-called democratic procedures in Northern Ireland, a brief review of some Irish history is necessary. First of all, the section of Ireland that the world calls Ulster is not really Ulster at all. When the rest of Ireland won home rule in 1921, England insisted on keeping six—but only six—of the ancient nine counties of Ulster within the British Empire.

These six counties were "partitioned" by careful gerrymandering to ensure that the Protestant population would never have to fear that their Catholic neighbors would form a majority and democratically move Ulster into the Republic of Ireland to the South. The three counties of Ulster that were



solidly Catholic, and solidly in favor of union—Donegal, Cavan, and Monaghan—were thus excluded from this new British territory of Northern Ireland. As Sir James Craig, first prime minister of the Six Counties, put it so well, the inclusion of these counties would "reduce our majority to such a level that no sane man would undertake to carry on Parliament with it." Gerrymandering within the Six Counties further reduced the power of the Catholic minority.

Consequently, the cards are stacked, as McManus puts it, "to perpetuate the eternal present of Orange Supremacy. It is antidemocratic. . . . The state [Ulster] was designed to give permanent power to the Unionist Party. Where there is such an artificially built-in majority, normal democracy can never function. We cannot accept a 'democratic right' to perpetuate this antidemocratic state."

In 1918, in the only election in which the question of a united and sovereign Ireland was put before the Irish people, 80 per cent voted for unification. The partitioning of the country made the 20 per cent minority a majority in one of the two states thus created. That minority had the strength—about 2 to

1—to prevent the unification clearly mandated by the people of the country.

It would not be surprising, then, and not very condemnable by earthly standards, if Irish nationalists, demanding an end to the foreign control of their country, insisted that a 20 per cent minority, professing loyalty to that same foreign power, submit themselves to the wishes—without qualification on this issue—of the 80 per cent. But, as a matter of fact, those unreasonable IRA terrorists do not. And even if they did, they would not compare unfavorably with Abraham Lincoln, who chose bloody civil war rather than allow a much larger minority to divide America into two states.

Regionalism

McManus' proposals for Ireland, the Provos' *Eire Nua*, call instead for an answer based on "regionalism." He advocates not a Dublin-based, Irish Catholic domination of Ulster, but a solution designed to provide for the diversity of backgrounds in Ireland, including Scots-heritage Protestantism. "The only system with which Republicanism is not compatible is a system of domination. No Republican could consent to be dominated by London. But, and Unionists should think deeply about this, no Ulster Republican could ever consent to be dominated by Dublin." He goes on: "Republicans are suggesting a regional government for the whole of Ireland. There would be four (maybe more, maybe less) regional parliaments and a central parliament. The regional parliament would enjoy great autonomy in the administration of regional affairs." Donegal, Cavan, and Monaghan would be returned to Ulster under this system (and this can hardly be thought to be Dublin's desire). This new Ulster (which is really historic Ulster) would then make decisions by majority rule for its own development, as would the other regional governments.

What is most interesting about this proposal is that Ulster Protestants would still be a majority by 2 to 1 in the new Ulster. And the new, nine-county Ulster would have nearly 40 per cent of the population of all Ireland. When you keep this in mind, it seems more realistic for Dublin to fear the South's domination by industrialized Ulster than for the Orangemen to go on cringing at some phony nightmare of "Rome

rule." In *Eire Nua* Ulster Protestants, as the majority in Ulster, would be fully entitled to be the ruling party there and thus a truly formidable voice in Ireland as a whole. The only qualification would be that they must exert this influence as citizens of Ireland, not as a foreign power's army of occupation, not as conquerors.

Orangemen who claim to be incensed by the antidemocratic methods of the IRA simply cannot go on basing their own claim to power in Ireland on the forced submission of the Irish people to English armies over 300 years ago. If living in Ireland for four centuries does not make an Orangeman an Irishman, then Orangemen are, by self-definition, a military garrison of a foreign power and aggressors, and are, by all legal and moral standards, subject to the defensive use of military force by the victims of that aggression. The Orangemen's slogan of "No Surrender!" is an ongoing declaration of war on the Irish people.

The key factor in all these proposals, then, is the end of the British presence in Ireland. To be sure, the nightmare of a vast and bloody civil war, often invoked to discredit such a demand, cannot be dismissed as an impossibility. (No healthy nation, of course, has ever surrendered its nationhood rather than face such a challenge—certainly not the U.S.) It is possible—but not in-

evitable, or even likely. The IRA does not want the British troops removed tomorrow. They demand only a declaration of intention to withdraw at some specified future date. UN forces could replace them if sectarian violence erupted. And the Provos welcome the idea that disputes arising after the British withdrawal be submitted to the authority of the European Court at Strasbourg. The hope is, however, that the specified withdrawal date will force the Protestants to see that they must begin to work with their fellow Irish citizens in a spirit of compromise and conciliation—will force them to see that it is possible to shout "No Surrender!" only if they know that the British army is waiting in the wings.

Moderate Voices

This regionalist plan represents an extreme compromise on the part of the IRA. You can bet your last dollar that many old IRA diehards did not give in willingly to a proposal which would allow the Protestant minority in Ireland to remain in control of Ulster. If the Protestants had been willing to bend even half as much as the IRA, genuine reconciliation rather than apparently endless violence would be the order of the day in Ulster.

But, until the British army withdraws, there is no reason for the Prot-

estants to compromise. As long as they can count on British troops being around to handle Catholic-Nationalist demands, there is just no reason for them to look inward, away from England and toward their fellow Irish citizens, in order to define their nationhood. Instead of keeping the peace, the continued British presence creates a political situation so unnatural as to ensure continued hostility.

Irish nationalists have been rebelling against English control of Ireland as long as England has been in Ireland. The IRA has assumed the leadership in this ancient struggle during the last 50 years, and they have vowed, in the words of their first president, Padraic Pearse, that "Ireland unfree shall never be at peace." Frank McManus and the Provos are asking for the right of Irishmen to rule Ireland, and offer their assurance that "we are in no way opposed to the Unionist Party as a party of Ulstermen, governing Ulster. . . . In a new Ulster, the Provisionals would accept majority government controlled by the present Unionist Party."

"Ireland unfree shall never be at peace." The current proposal of the Provos for "regionalism" goes about as far as Irishmen can go without conceding to Britain control of their country, without surrendering their national freedom to a foreign power. If Protestant Unionists do not respond openly and soon to this offer, the responsibility for continued—and probably increased—warfare must be placed on their shoulders. Moderate voices, like that of Frank McManus, find support only from a people that does not feel that all-out war is its only recourse. "We want to create a new Ireland, free from domination, exploitation, discrimination. Without the consent of the Unionist people we cannot succeed." The man who writes that deserves from his Protestant co-citizens of Northern Ireland something better than another cry of "No Surrender!"

And, in fact, there has been some sign of movement in that direction. Desmond Boal, an ex-associate of Ian Paisley, recently offered a proposal for a federal Ireland which has been accepted by the Provos as close enough to their own *Eire Nua* to be the basis of a lasting peace. It just could be the light at the end of the tunnel—in contrast to further well-meaning British suggestions, which only add fuel to the fire. □



IN QUIETER DAYS, in any time but the Year III of Watergate, we'd all know that the trial of the decade is the one that unfolded this summer in San Antonio for the chief survivor of the Texas, Bluebeard's little band—though not for Bluebeard himself, Dean Arnold Corll. It says much about our society and its "priorities" that a villain so extraordinary and crimes so purple can be, and have been, almost wholly overshadowed by the pranks and graft of a few political rascallions. But then the anchormen and news editors decide such things; public conscience adjusts itself to their decrees.

We must be thankful, at least, that last year's revelations of the Houston murder ring's activities and its destruction weren't accompanied by the Establishment liberals' habitual lamentation over "violence in American society" and the inevitable mayhem growing out of—remember?—our "aggression" in Vietnam. They even spared us the helpful reminder that "we're all guilty" for Corll's 27 misdeeds (as we all were, of course, for the Kennedy-King murders), probably because the horror in Texas was unrelated to political questions, and the intelligentsia in the U.S. is so intensely and passionately politicized that the New York literati and the East and West Coast professors who dominate it can't persuade themselves that events not bearing on social justice and political activism have their own importance.

On the other hand, connoisseurs of traditional crime have certainly found last summer's atrocity not quite up to the measure of mass murder in the grand manner of yesteryear. Something is missing. And what's been lost, I think, is the old charm of aristocratic snobbery: the multiple killers of our day have nothing of the *Almanach de Gotha* about them, as did their titled, rich, and sometimes ruling counterparts long ago.

Everyone is familiar more or less with the career of Dracula/Vlad, a reigning prince no less; and even casual students of the *grande chronique* of oldtime homicide will remember Elizabeth Bathory, like Dracula an East European grandee and the killer of some 600 girls ('twas said), and the Marquise de Brinvilliers, a celebrity if not an ornament of Louis XIV's nobility and in her time (not so much now) the presumed author of numerous poison murders. But the best, or worst,

FROM GILLES de RAIS TO DEAN ARNOLD CORLL

Mass Murder, Bourgeois Style

J. D. FUTCH

of the lot was Gilles de Laval, *seigneur* de Rais, who was, with Joan of Arc, his comrade in arms, the greatest warrior in fifteenth century Europe, with her the liberator of France from its English invaders, and hence a Marshal of France at age 26, a popular hero, and occasionally a favorite at the court of the sly Charles VII.

Gilles de Rais!—the greatest name in the history of crime, so the French claim (they're incorrigible cultural chauvinists, the French), and surely one of the most aristocratic, living as he did when rich provincial lords raised their own armies and challenged their sometimes helpless kings. But Gilles gave up both war and pursuit of power for the pursuit of small boys and (his accusers later claimed) bargains with Satan amid rites of the black art. No one ever learned whether the hero's victims, his "pages" he called them, numbered 100-plus or 800 (the range of the estimates) in *château* after *château* where he enacted his crimes. A devout man all the while, he atoned with a special devotion to the Holy Innocents of Herod's reign; he consecrated his private chapel to them; and at age 36 gave himself up for trial and execution at the hands of his political enemies.

So now we know what Dean Corll, the ignorant petty bourgeois and utility-company electrician, failed to give us: the image of a monster, yes, but this time without noble title, castles, pages, or private chapel. He was a killer whose life lacked the flair, and whose crimes wanted the *éclat*, of the *seigneur* de Rais's.

Such is the drabness of an egalitarian era! Liberty, equality, fraternity, and the triumph of democracy took the starch out of the nobility long years ago; they're no more capable of ambitious schemes of murder than they are of regaining their political dominion. Middle class supplanters rule in both realms. The transformation is one that became strikingly obvious directly the Hohenzollerns fell and Weimar republicanism came to Germany. The

democratic Reich of the 1920s saw an unprecedented spate of mass murders and would have recognized Corll as one of its own. That was the era of Carl Wilhelm Grossmann, who prowled railway stations whence he lured peasant girls, just in from the countryside, to their deaths: he'd give them jobs as housemaids, then amusement park excursions, and finally passage to the next world. Some 24 met their end that way. Then came Georg Haarmann, who disposed of about 25 boys in like manner—Dean Corll's earlier incarnation perhaps. And, most versatile of all, Karl Henke killed off about 30 of his fellow citizens of both sexes, behaving fairly as an equal opportunity slayer, and, town butcher that he was, sold their remains to his unsuspecting customers. All of these busy gentlemen were distinctly *bürgerlich*. The aristocracy never broke into their league in that day.

IT WAS the pettiest bourgeois of them all, Adolf Hitler, who observed these episodes and made, as it turned out, the fateful connection between monumental private crime and political terrorism. In Weimar days he remarked, "Brutality is respected. The people . . . want to fear something. They want someone to frighten them. . . . Why babble about brutality and get indignant about tortures? The masses want them. They need something that will give them a thrill of horror."

Dean Corll, who was killed by a confederate, never had a chance to echo Gilles de Rais's appeal for the public's prayers and forgiveness (he got their prayers and a vast and respectful religious procession as he went to the pyre). On a sunny summer's day in Texas one of his lackeys was given 99 years; a second confederate received 594 years. □

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Managing the Banking Biz

Land of the Free

WILLIAM F. RICKENBACKER

THE STORY STARTS early in July when Citicorp, the corporation that owns First National City Bank, decides to borrow some money. It has been doing a good business, you see, making loans to the housing people. Indeed it is one of the few banks that have been helping that woebegone industry. It comes to market with proposals to sell notes that will be paid off every six months and that will carry an interest rate of one percentage point higher than the prevailing interest rate on Treasury bills.

The money market responds to this new idea with enthusiasm. Citicorp was hoping to raise \$200 million with this issue of notes, but when it sees what a popular response it arouses, it decides to raise the amount to \$850 million. And why not? It is offering a fine fat interest rate to a large number of investors, it is going to use the money productively in an area that has been pinched of late for lack of funds, and everyone would seem to be the winner.

Hold it! All hell breaks loose. The savings banks, the Savings and Loan Associations, and Representative Wright Patman of the House Banking Committee all rise up and file affidavits, denunciations, writs of enigma, and certifications of lebbenty-lebben malfeasance against Citicorp. Whole deal faw down go boom. Why for? The Securities and Exchange Commission is pressed to stifle the proposed issue. Arthur Burns, chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, is urged to don his mail coat and helmet, mount his white stallion, and flash into action with "moral suasion" (in the quaint argot of Representative Patman). Why?

Because, well, some toes got stomped. The savings brethren, you see, are prohibited by law from paying more than 7 point something per cent interest to their depositors. If Citicorp up and offers more than that, the depositors will draw their money out of the savings system and buy Citicorp notes. Officialdom ariseth to put a stop to such terrible possibilities. The great Arthur Burns sends a telegram to Walter B. Wriston, the Chairman of Citicorp. Quotha: "In view of some concern on the part of Congress and the regulatory

agencies, I most earnestly request that you postpone for an interval of two weeks the Citicorp floating interest rate issue."

At this moment (6:55 P.M., Eastern Daylight Saving Time—and a good thing it's not Eastern Daylight Saving and Loan Time, or we'd be *in fluvio relictus sine remibus*)—where was I? Oh. At this moment it is still unknown whether Citicorp will be permitted to issue its notes, pay its wonderful high interest rates, and offer its wonderful financing services to the wonderful home building industry. Official interference in the market has put the kibosh on a perfectly innocent and helpful idea.

Meanwhile, the Franklin National Bank has been wallowing in the slough of despond after a particularly disastrous spree in the foreign exchange markets. The management—controlled from Italy, and surely not Mafia types—has been firing itself every week or so, the foreign exchange traders have lost 60-lebben million clams trying to outsmart the market, depositors have lost faith and withdrawn 600 million clams, and the bank has hit the headlines with morose stories about its going out of business, running out of money, needing a loan or a dime or a cup of coffee for a veteran, Lord knows what. Poor Franklin National! Utterly unable to do anything worth while! Not making any loans to the housing industry! Not paying handsome interest rates! Struggling to survive, devoting its complete energies to the merely introspective problem of avoiding the axe. . . .

GUESS WHAT. The Federable Government through its wise fellows over at the Federal Reserve comes up with a big one and five little ones—that is to say, one billion and five hundred million dollars of loans to little old Franklin National so the boys in Naples won't be embarrassed. Nice.

Very nice. We all love to see an act of generosity. You wouldn't want Uncle Sam to look like a piker, would you? I'm glad I have a government that looks after the little fellow.

Just one thing, though. If Franklin

wasn't doing anything for the Peepul, who distrusted it so bloody bad that they were grabbing their dough and running as fast as they could in the opposite direction—maybe even toward Citicorp, who knows?—then why not let it just go down the drain? And another thing. If Citicorp was really going to do something for the Peepul, who liked its plans so much that they came running toward it with \$850 million instead of the originally anticipated \$200 million—then why not leave it alone to do its very useful and rewarding piece of work?

THE CONTRAST is astonishing and educative. Bureaucratic and political forces have combined to thwart the socially useful effects of the free market and to shore up the moribund and accident-prone. As usual, there are reasons for the way things happen. It is well known in theory and in practice that a free market always exhibits a tendency to produce for sale what the people want to buy, and to maximize the enjoyments of the one, the few, and the many. A free market would let Citicorp pay high interest rates and make useful home loans. A free market would tell Franklin National to go learn some other line of business it might be better suited to. A bureaucratic regime, however, must justify itself by doing things differently. Simply to copy or to ratify the decisions of the market is not enough to justify a bureaucracy that now drains 35 per cent of the gross national product. How can political control be better than freedom if it is the same as freedom? So bureaucracy purposefully diverges from the free market in an effort to justify its own existence. And we all pay thrice. Once to the officeholders. Once more to the sick companies we're forced to support. Once more by being denied the real services of innovative companies. We should be ashamed of ourselves. □

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The War Against Confucius

From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

NOT MANY DAYS AGO, I stood atop a concealed battery in Quemoy, the island fortress of the Republic of China, Nationalist China. Quemoy lies within swimming distance of the Chinese mainland, just off Amoy; it is the farthest-flung defense of civilization against the Cultural Revolution.

When I write "civilization" with reference to China, I mean the pattern of moral and social order which Confucius gave to the Chinese people, five centuries before the birth of Jesus of Nazareth. Until the Communists seized power, there subsisted a longer ethical and social continuity in China than anywhere else in the world, and that continuity was founded upon the teachings of Confucius. Nowadays the remnant of that great continuity may be found only in Taiwan and its dependencies, and among some of the overseas Chinese. Yet fanatic ideology is ephemeral, and tradition may reassert itself—if the break in continuity is not greatly prolonged.

In Communist China, the ferocious campaign against the influence of Confucius has been renewed. Chiang Ching, the wife of Mao Tse-tung, has been preaching a crusade against the dead Confucius and (insane conjunction!) the dead Lin Piao, Communist ideologue. Only a few weeks ago, at Chufu, the birthplace of Confucius, tremendous quantities of Confucian classics were burnt publicly. These had been confiscated from private libraries.

During my recent fortnight in Taiwan, I conversed with Mr. Tsai Wei-ping, vice minister of foreign affairs for ROC. He believes that Mao developed the anti-Confucius crusade as a whip with which to flog Lin Piao, when that previously useful zealot had grown too great. In his youth, Lin Piao had written an essay or two about Confucius; this early indiscretion could be employed to prove that Lin was no

true Marxist, but a reactionary secretly bent upon undoing the Glorious Revolution. Also, many other eminent Chinese Communists having naively flirted with Confucian thought in their salad days, this whip of scorpions could be employed against such of them, from time to time, as might require liquidation—Chou En-lai, for instance.

Doubtless there is truth in this hypothesis; yet not the whole truth. Chinese Communist detestation of Confucius began earlier than the conspiracy against Lin, and indeed is a logical necessity for the Cultural Revolution. For Marxism professes to be a complete ethical and social system, supplanting all the fallacious systems of earlier ages. The teachings of Confucius must be extirpated utterly, if the teachings of Marx and his Chinese disciples are to prevail forever. Just so, the Russian Communists correctly recognize the necessary opposition of Christian belief to Marxist faith (even though Marxism is a heresy from Christianity); but they have not ventured upon quite so merciless a program of "Thorough" as the Chinese.

MARXISM, in fine, is an inverted religion, and its dogmas cannot tolerate the competition of other religions and philosophies. Confucianism also is a religion—though a religion in the sense that we speak of "the religion of Plato." The great sage was a humanist—concerned, as was Socrates for the most part, primarily with the ethical, rather than the metaphysical and transcendent. If one reads Confucius and the commentators upon him, one discovers that political order had primacy with Confucius, and that Confucius' concept of justice is as inimical to the Marxist concept of justice as is the theory of justice expounded by Plato and Cicero. Therefore the Communists cannot tolerate the Confucian classics.

This hard truth is recognized increasingly by the Nationalist Chinese of Taiwan; indeed, the mainland assault upon Confucius has had one happy result, the renewal of attention to Confucius by the ROC people. Mr. James Wei, president of Taiwan's Central News Agency, told me that truth and health may be found in Confucius—

something that the head of the Associated Press, say, probably would not volunteer about Plato or Christ. Although President Chiang Kai-shek is a Christian, the policy of the ROC government encourages a Confucian revival.

At Sun Moon Lake, high in the hills of Taiwan, a tremendous temple of Confucius is being completed, no expense spared—splendid carved marbles, gorgeous shrines, all the startling color and detail of traditional temple architecture; the temple's gongs resound over the beautiful lake night and day. It is an assertion of China's moral and intellectual patrimony.

Confucianism is a philosophy and a religion of right reason. It is better to dwell in imminent peril of wolves, said Confucius, than to live under an unjust government. Good government is the product of good character in leaders:

"When good men are in office, government is efficient, just as when the earth is fertile, plants flourish.

"Therefore good government depends upon good men. Such men should be chosen on the basis of character. By following nature, one acquires good will.

"Good will is essential to being human, and it emerges first in caring for one's family. The best way of doing things is to recognize each thing for what it is, especially for its true worth. Just as there are differences in the care with which we treat closer and more distant relatives, so should we recognize differences in merit for different levels of responsibility, and accept them in social practice.

"When those who are governed do not have confidence in their governors, they cannot be controlled."

Mao Tse-tung and Chiang Ching know the long-dead Confucius for an adversary more formidable than the guns of Quemoy. Confucius' principles of order and legitimacy are irreconcilable with Communist dogma. Therefore we may expect the war against Confucius to continue, even though the revolution devours its child Chou En-lai, as it devoured Lin Piao. But it does not follow that, in the long run, the Western ideology of Marxism will prevail against the ethics of Confucius. □

Arts & Manners

FILM

PETER RAINER

Novels into Film

In the movies, there are always excuses for failure and tons of them are being expended on *The Great Gatsby* and *Daisy Miller*. They are not just being talked about as lousy movies; their artistic failure is supposed to be related to something "basic" to the film medium, as if, in transporting a great work of literature to film, the filmmakers had violated nature itself. Is it really impossible to make a great film from a great novel?

Let's look at what we have. Since the beginnings of film, practically every great Western novel since Fielding has been filmed. If movies became great by association, the scene would now be swarming with classics, but it isn't. The problem with most movie versions of great literature is the same problem that high school English teachers have toward the classics: reverence. Not so much a reverence for the material but a reverence for the *idea* that one is working with a Great Book.

I generally dread Hollywood versions of classics because, even now, that will usually mean overcomposed salon photography, "intense" measured performances, and solemnity. The definition of a Hollywood "classic" is a movie whose arteries have been hardened. Without the freedom to play with the material, how is it possible to free one's best talents? It is not. On the other side of the argument, however, how unfaithful may one be to the letter of the original? When is the "playing" justified—in order to reveal new meanings—and when does it become tampering? After all, if one is going to play around with a classic too much, why bother to film it at all? As André Bazin once wrote of the Ameri-

can *Madame Bovary*, the only real problem with the film was that it was still called *Madame Bovary*.

And yet, a movie adaptation must be more than just a faithful rendering of a famous story. It must have a life of its own. This doesn't mean that the book is superfluous in any discussion of the film, but an adaptation should not be denigrated merely because it departs from its source, certainly not if it manages to preserve its spirit. Kubrick's *Lolita* (adapted by Nabokov) is not the book, and it is not as good as the book, but it was a triumphant new comic creation that extended the spirit of the original, and its changes (like Peter Sellers' absurdist Quilty) worked for the film.

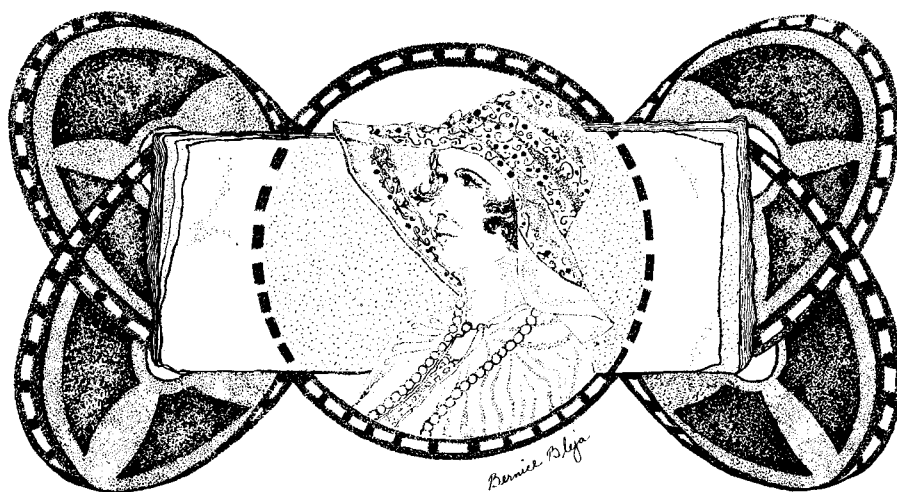
There is no biological reason, then, why a good movie can't be made from a good book—or a great book for that matter. Look at the evidence: *Scarlet Letter*, *Intruder in the Dust*, *Outcast of the Islands* (Conrad), *The Innocents* (James's *Turn of the Screw*, directed by *Gatsby*'s Jack Clayton), *Lady with a Dog* (Chekhov), *Great Expectations*. But the task is conceptually so formidable and so intimidating that most filmmakers would (understandably) rather start from scratch or else buy up some

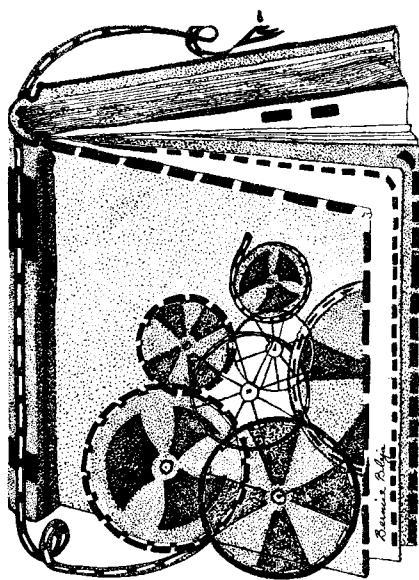
piece of pulp and inject their own sensibility into it. It's also true that sometimes the clearest evocation of a great writer's style comes through in a film that has nothing to do with his work. Has there ever been a better appreciation of Balzac on film than *Children of Paradise*?

A director has to be either a colossus or a damned fool to throw himself onto a mammoth classic and attempt to wrestle it into a good film (a director like John Huston, who made *Moby Dick* and *The Bible*, may be both). Generally speaking, the smaller the scope of a great novel, the better chance it has of coming across on the screen. This is no law, just common sense. If audiences were willing to sit through ten-hour movies, the bigger novels might have a better chance, but how can you condense the full complexities of a Dostoyevsky, a Melville, or a Tolstoy into two hours?

THERE is the problem of dialogue. Some novelists do not write dramatic dialogue, dialogue that is actually meant to be *heard*. And language in general is so much a part of the web and texture of a good writer's conception that to translate visually only what he describes is clearly not enough. When Faulkner speaks of a red sunset as a "wan hemorrhage," it won't do to simply show us a sunset, no matter how beautifully framed. What we are missing is the author's way of seeing. This way of seeing is what is almost entirely lacking in the films of *Daisy Miller* and *The Great Gatsby*.

Henry James was a true diplomat-author. He extended the same courtesy of understanding to each of his charac-





ters in turn, and the ambiguous quality of his people, especially his heroines, grew out of his clarity—the mysterious nature of personality brought more clearly into focus. In Peter Bogdanovich's film (which follows James's story rigorously) there is no mystery to clarify. Cybill Shepherd's Daisy Miller is a painfully simpleminded performance—all twitter and run-on sentences—and it's a relief when she's silent. The only thing I liked in the film (besides Cloris Leachman) was the offhand treatment, which is certainly not stodgy and has some affinity to James. But the story had *weight*, a moral weight; the film is substanceless. It breezes through as a series of vaudeville turns and blackout sketches and it all seems quite negligible and silly—so much so, in fact, that Daisy's death seems (inadvertently) funny. The solemnity of death doesn't fit this chatterbox. It's like killing off a cartoon.

The story was fascinating because of Winterbourne's (and James's) ambivalence toward Daisy. She's a charming creature but her flirtations are dangerous just because they're so indiscriminate. Winterbourne, who is emotionally more complex than Daisy and more possessive, becomes her fall-guy. And yet, *knowing* this, he *still* half idealizes her (the other half feigns indifference), and at her grave he starts to shift the blame for her death onto himself. (I've often wondered why James bothered to kill her off. Parental disapproval, perhaps?)

Almost none of this comes through in the movie. The plot is not all that memorable and so, without James's multilayered sensibility, the audience

isn't even left with a famous story to look at. The evocations of Vevey and Rome are postcard pretty but there is no resonance. The Americans in the movie seem to be moving around in a play-act Europe. Bogdanovich's ideas about how Europe should look and sound are college dramatic society stuff—Punch and Judy shows, funny accents, sour violinists, snickering servants, etc. The idea of these traditionless Americans knocking around Europe and messing things up is what is so funny about the story—it's integral to the theme of flouting conventions. Henry James's *Daisy Miller* could not have taken place outside of Europe. Bogdanovich's *Daisy Miller* could have taken place anywhere, and the difference represents a narrowing, not a widening, of meanings.

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD has never had much luck in the movies. I suspect that the reason is because his books, more so than most, present a definite style, which is probably the hardest thing to achieve in movies. Filming Fitzgerald straight—without attempting to find a visual equivalent for the prose—is a tender trap. Jack Clayton's film of *Gatsby* falls into it. The film is so waxen and glacéed that it doesn't just die on the screen, it's dead from the start, and it has a varnished look that is about as artistic as painted fingernails. (I don't think I've ever seen so many ugly greens in one movie before.) All those fancy parties look pretty stupid when presented straight, without any intervening sensibility—namely, Nick Carraway's—to modulate their effect on us. Nick Carraway is our voice of reason in the novel. He is a buffer between us and Fitzgerald's shiny rich dreams. The movie picks up Carraway (Sam Waterston) as the narrator right away, but his presence is felt less and less as the film wears on. The film's viewpoint becomes unpleasantly anonymous.

Like *Daisy Miller*, the movie of *Gatsby* is scrupulously faithful, but the mood is all wrong. This movie is probably the greatest demonstration ever of how can one be faithful in all particulars and yet still completely miss the boat. Jack Clayton simply does not possess a Jazz Age temperament. (He has an Edwardian temperament, and that's why he was so good for *The Turn of the Screw*.) The big set pieces—*Gatsby*'s lavish parties—look wooden

and overrehearsed. There is no sensuality to *Gatsby*'s mysteriousness, no terror, no awe. The movie's opulence has not been unified into a style and it rots on the screen. It doesn't even have enough energy to be decadent. Mia Farrow's Daisy is lovely but she's like a pinned butterfly in this production. Bruce Dern (Tom Buchanan) has some sly energy, but the torpor that surrounds him makes him seem crazier than he is. The heavy symbolism—like the recurring image of Dr. Eckleburg's eyeglasses—is an aberration. It seems more Germanic than Jazz Age.

There is no reason why *Gatsby* could not have worked on film, although now we'll never know for sure. (This is the third try. There will be no others.) Fitzgerald's dialogue is not really meant to be heard, it's true, but most of the scenes and passages were "cinematic" long before the movies. It takes great style to catch Fitzgerald's spirit on film and I'm not sure there's anyone around who cares enough to do it. Nostalgia isn't a very forceful emotion and that's all that the people who worked on *Gatsby* had going for them—that, and the desire to make a lot of loot. It's all a bad Hollywood joke that Fitzgerald himself might have appreciated. □

DELECTATIONS

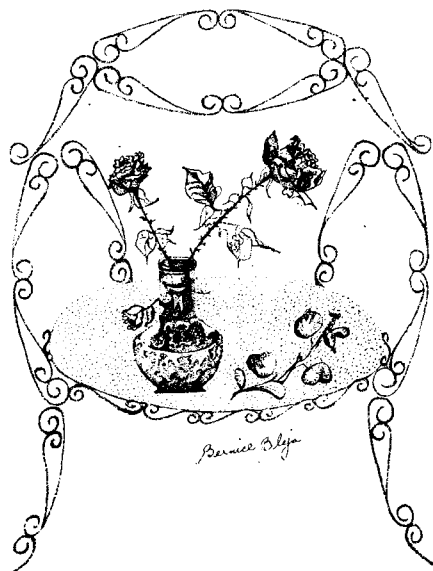
NIKA HAZELTON

Haut Ennui

Since I am interested in cooking, I was fascinated to learn from *New York Magazine*, that beloved guide to what is In on the Upper West Side (I live there myself), that there will be two new cooking schools in France to teach people the higher French cooking. Simone Beck (known as Simca), who, with Julia Child, taught us how to Master the Art of French Cooking, will be headmistress at both. This is what the schools offer, and I quote: "... precious and limited space in the new pastoral academy of cooking founded by Simone Beck. From one to four students live and cook in their own private villa on the flowered slope Simca shares with co-author Julia Child—each in her own provincial cottage, each with her own charming, indulgent mate—between Cannes and Grasse.

The first students are already there. Openings exist after the first of the year. The cost: \$200 a day for one or two, \$225 for three, \$250 for four." Food included?

If a cruel fate prevents a would-be student from taking advantage of this splendid offer in France, there is still hope. I quote again. "Simca will be teaching in California's Napa Valley harvest time at a private estate, sur-



rounded by vineyards, with a pool, a staff of servants, assistant chefs, and even . . . a resident hairdresser. Students (each session is limited to 12) will be driven in chauffeured limousines from winery tours to open-air lunches at private cellars and home again for afternoon classes and epicurean evenings—at a cost of \$1,500 for the week."

NO DOUBT there will be many takers of these offers, which remind me of a kind of Custer's Last Stand. We have had scores of cooking schools in many layers of chic, where the sheep are clearly separated from the goats. Tell me whom you cook with, and I'll tell your degree of chic. We've had gastronomic cruises where one of the greatest poo-bahs of the food establishment—Craig Claiborne, no less—taught the haughtiest of cuisine. Numerous are the gastronomic pilgrims who, year in, year out, take themselves to the Michelin-starred restaurants of France, there not only to eat at enormous expense, but to collect menus and wine lists which are then framed to grace the walls of their homes. And of course, we have had a sea of cookbooks; the ones that concern

me are the ones on French cooking, especially *Mastering the Art of French Cooking* by Julia Child, Simone Beck, and Louise Bertholle. This book, which must have sold hundreds of thousands of copies, is the best known of all the fancy cookbooks. It is a superb teaching manual, thought out to the last wire whisk, and a surefire success for those who can follow detailed directions. It teaches an enormous variety of French cooking, and countless women and men (for it appeals to men as well) have made French dishes from it with enthusiasm and splendid results.

YET I do not believe that this and other lesser cookbooks of the kind have really taught people to cook, over all, the way the French do. The reason for this lies not in the books but in the Americans themselves, who can make one or a dozen dishes in a given manner, the way you might act a certain role, without having been affected in their traditional way of cooking by a foreign cuisine. I have amused myself for a long time by asking people who cook from *Mastering the Art of French Cooking* how they cook when they don't use this book. Invariably, the answer is that they cook any old American way, or the way they always cook when they aren't making special dishes. And despite all the enthusiasm for French food, people will eat the usual American goodies, sandwiches and the like.

I don't think that even Craig Claiborne, who reports on the glories of French cooking better than anybody else, and who also produces foolproof French recipes, has really influenced the cooking and eating habits of his numerous devoted readers, including me.

But the cook and cookbook writer who really has influenced her public is the late Adelle Davis. Her books, such as *Let's Cook It Right* and *Let's Eat Right to Keep Fit*, in spite of a certain amount of faddism (unimportant, to my mind), have convinced almost all who read them to change their ways with food. Without Adelle Davis, I don't think there would have been a health food movement. And whatever people may say of the health food movement, it has affected the whole nation.

I really don't think that the American public at large cares any longer about the taste of food. If it did, super-

markets would not be flooded with more and more tasteless, chemical-laden convenience foods. Restaurants certainly would be better. The thing that beats me here is why our fancy French restaurants should be so poor and dull when one supposes they cater to the followers of Child and Claiborne, connoisseurs of fine French food. But Americans are health-conscious, and this is why Adelle Davis, who emphasizes nutrition, goes over big. Her food also tastes very good because it is simply cooked, with fresh ingredients. Which makes me think once more that for almost all of its practitioners, gourmet cooking is nothing but a parlor game or oneupmanship, which costs relatively little compared to other sports, can be done in the home, allows any amount of untutored opinion, and requires no training other than the ability to read—and makes its votaries the most atrocious bores. □

Literacy Tests

A dress I'd ordered from a store
Was red. The one they sent was blue.
I wrote: "Please send the red one or
Take back the blue for credit due."
The weeks went by, they didn't call,
So I myself returned the dress.
I got my credit slip withal
But bills kept coming nonetheless.

And once I wrote a magazine
To take me off their mailing list.
My words were simple and routine,
But, boy, was I an optimist!
They sent me issues for a year
And every month the same old bill.
I wrote again, my words severe
This time. But they availed me nil.

The public services, deaf too
To questions re their charge "pro tem,"
Replied eventually, it's true,
But not to what I'd written them.
Their letter (form) comprised a plea
For pity on their sorry state:
To meet the needs of you and me
Their rates had had to escalate.

To my entreaties for reply
The corporations paid no heed.
But now at least I've found out why:
Their smart computers cannot read.

—CORINNA MARSH

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TRY IT TODAY!

Doughy Middleness

D. KEITH MANO

John Updike is a slummer. In his fiction. Extradited from the real world to imaginary Brewer or Tarbox, I doubt if he could sustain ten minutes' conversation with Rabbit Angstrom, with any of the many singles in *Couples*. Updike's characters don't deserve a form letter obituary, let alone a novel. They are pathetic folk; even the pathos is undistinguished. Great issues aren't at issue in Updike's fiction. When ignorant armies clash by night, his people are somewhere else on the beach, skinny dipping perhaps.

Updike is our genteel Gentile: the sweet, lonesome singer of Protestant mediocrity. For his first historical venture Updike has chosen America's rabbit, run President: James the Worst. In another novelist it would seem affectation. In Updike it's merely shyness, modesty, and—despite all the bestsellers—underconfidence. Apparently his romance with middlebush has a geographic sanction. In the guileless, delightful "Apologia pro Opere Suo" afterword to *Buchanan Dying*, he writes, "Here is Buchanan, I am rid of him, and this book, a mosaic with more tesserae than matrix, constitutes, I trust, my final volume of homage to my native state [Pennsylvania], whose mild misty doughy middlebush, between immoderate norths and souths, remains for me, being my first taste of life, the authentic taste."

PENNSYLVANIA, my God. Only a magnificent eccentric could run up debts to Pennsylvania. Updike has pulled it off somehow. He started *Buchanan Dying* "in 1968, as an act of penance for a commercially successful novel set in New England." This bizarre assertion of guilt can be credited. For some time Updike and I shared publishers. A mutual editor told me that Updike had been mortified by *Couples*' success, felt he had committed a gross abuse of the artistic will. He wouldn't look at the royalty statements. They accused him.

Eccentric, sure: Updike belongs in a Cheever novel. And, like most eccentrics, he is not a funny man. You may laugh at the aptness of his characterizations or, for joy, at the nifty metaphors, but there is no slapstick in his heart. Updike people don't astonish you; they don't do preposterous things.

That, after all, would be another gross abuse. Updike, the gentleman, never asks you to suspend disbelief. He takes Rabbit and Pennsylvania and, yes, James Buchanan dead seriously. This is a nice trick. The title itself appears crammed with bathos, *Buchanan Dying*. Might as well be *The Dialogues of Calvin Coolidge* or *Archie Bunker*



Agonistes. But Updike has been fair to Buchanan. This fairness is certainly a strength: his first ground rule. It's also a severe limitation. Updike takes none of those liberties which are the novelist's only pleasure. He's a middle class realist. By all standards Updike should be unread. He is read a lot. It's the best tribute yet to frankness and deft style.

Buchanan Dying

By John Updike

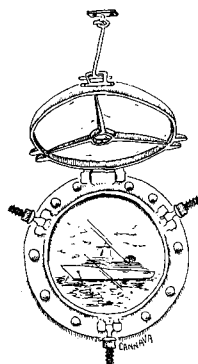
Knopf, 262 pp., \$6.95

Yet, one or two stage directions aside, that style is absent with leave in *Buchanan Dying, A Play*. Updike, of course, has perfect pitch: his mimic ear fixes the several accents of nineteenth century America. But these are mostly public accents: ornamentation and rhetorical periods grind gears in the sentence, so many 40-foot trailers on an upgrade. I read plays aloud: 70 per cent of *Buchanan Dying* induced thumps on the floor above or barks from a neighbor dog. At 180 pages this top of the voice dialogue feels about four score and ten too long. *Buchanan Dying* is the great man's hobby horse: equivalent to a ride on Walt Disney's backyard steam engine. Updike plays the historian: his 80-page afterword is deadpan, footnoted, scholarly, and more entertaining by far than the play. In effect *Buchanan Dying* is a versatile penance: not only about Pennsylvanians, but also built to repel vulgar royalties as silicone waterproofing sheds rain. Updike, I think, meant it as a rebuke to those who relished the sexual mix and match of *Couples*. Don't, says he who crafted *The Centaur*, enjoy me too easily.

FAIRNESS disabled Updike. His Buchanan research was the matrix of a novel. But consecutive narrative would have required presumptions, ahistorical bridges. Unfair. "An actual man, Buchanan, had done this and this, exactly so, once and no other way. There was no air." Also few associations for the quick-fingered metaphorist to reshape. Updike is a realist; he approaches the real through his five senses. "But researched details failed to act like remembered ones, they had no palpable medium of the half remembered in which to swim." He compromised with a play. The play is trite in form: a pastiche of letters, speeches, reported confrontations. Blackouts over the death bed provide bridges. Updike

handles it well enough; still this dramatic mechanism is hackneyed as the flashback montage in film.

Buchanan is Updike's kind of people. The well-intentioned, middling man, hung up in a rundown between North and South, abolitionist and slaveholder. Despite presidential prerogatives, he's hardly more decisive than Rabbit Angstrom, vegetating between moonwalkers and militant blacks. Buchanan is also Updike's kind of Christian: that's to say, he'd make agnosticism look zealous. Updike knows a whole lot about being Protestant: the carpentry of churches, the half-remembered smell of old hymnals. His Tarbox-Brewer folk consider this half-memory a middle class prerequisite, like dancing lessons. Take, for instance, Buchanan's passionate vision on the road to Damascus: "My mind is now



made up. I hope that I am a Christian. I think I have much of the experience which you describe, and, as soon as I retire from office as President, I will unite with the Presbyterian church." A statement made, certainly, by the light of burning

martyrs. He's not much more emphatic on the slavery question.

YET Updike is fair to Buchanan. "All in all, I did not find in these general histories confirmation that Buchanan was 'the worst President in the history of the country.'" Updike is fair to just about everyone; he must be a superb father and husband. There are neither villains nor saints in his fiction. He plumps for no ideology: that would be an abuse of the artist's position. In fact, John Updike, out of kindness or acedia, has very little to say. And no one writing in America says it better. □

Jack Chatfield teaches at the Watkinson School in Hartford. . . . **Rene Kuhn Bryant** is a freelance writer who appears in *NR* and other magazines. . . . **Thomas H. Jukes**, a science professor at the University of California, Berkeley, has written many articles in scientific journals. . . . **John R. Coyne Jr.** was a presidential speechwriter.

Democrats and Progressives
By Allen Yarnell
University of California Press

176 pp., \$8.95

FUTILITY IN '48

JACK CHATFIELD

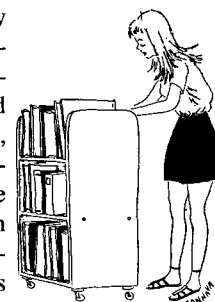
Third parties have not prospered here. They have entered the political arena with the zeal of evangelists, struggled to keep hopes alive amid signs of impending doom, and exited after crushing defeats, uttering consolatory claims that they had forced the major parties to face the issues of the day. We have lost, they said, but our program—or a good deal of it—has triumphed. Indeed, the conventional wisdom among politicians and historians, as Allen Yarnell writes, is that third parties fail in great part because a major party, fearing the worst, makes an ideological detour to round up its straying children. The 1896 election provides the formula which is applied, with necessary adjustments, to the elections of 1912, 1924, and 1948. In the memorable words of William Allen White, the Bryan Democrats caught the Populists in swimming and stole every piece of clothing except the frayed underwear of free silver.

Professor Yarnell, challenging a phalanx of historians and former Progressive Party activists, has tested the formula on the bitter election of 1948 and found it wanting. Marshaling an impressive though not conclusive body of evidence, Yarnell denies that Vice President Henry Wallace's third-party campaign forced the Democrats to the left and thereby ensured Truman's election against all odds. "An analysis of the issues raised by the Democrats shows that the party stood absolutely firm on foreign policy and if it did move at all domestically, it was primarily because of the Republicans." Yarnell even denies that the Progressives under Wallace succeeded in making foreign policy an issue in the campaign. In the year of the Czechoslovakian coup and the Berlin blockade, "foreign policy was still remote to most voters." The public, says Yarnell, was aroused by issues like Taft-Hartley, housing, inflation, and civil rights. And on these issues the Democrats campaigned as if the Progressive Party were

not even there. Truman's bitterest words were directed at the "Do-Nothing Eightieth Congress," not at the Progressives who claimed to be the true heirs of Roosevelt.

Relying on an extensive analysis of a 43-page strategy memorandum prepared by Clark Clifford and presented to Truman in November of 1947, Yarnell demonstrates that the Democrats believed they had to beat Dewey rather than Wallace. With respect to civil rights, the evidence is especially persuasive that, contrary to the postelection claims of Progressive Party leaders, the Democrats were afraid that the Negro vote would be reclaimed by the Republicans rather than captured by the Progressives. In Clifford's words, "Unless there are new and real efforts (as distinguished from mere political gestures which are today thoroughly understood and strongly resented by sophisticated Negro leaders), the Negro bloc, which certainly in Illinois, and probably in New York and Ohio, *does* hold the balance of power, will go Republican."

The fear that Negro voters, who had deserted the Republicans only a little over a decade before, would return to the party of Lincoln persisted throughout the campaign. It is true that, especially in New York, there was a good deal of anxiety that the Negro vote would swing to Wallace. But Yarnell contends that the Democrats never wavered in their belief that the Republicans were the real danger. In May of 1948, a prominent black Democrat, Raymond Pace Alexander, wrote that the Republicans were gaining strength among black voters, "and it appears at this writing that in many respects we have permitted them to carry the ball and take the play completely away from us, to our very severe loss."



IF Wallace's strident accusations that Truman had betrayed the New Deal failed to alarm the Democrats, his foreign policy stance seems only to have comforted them. Wallace had the political temerity to become the spokesman for a revived "popular front" party in the epoch of the Iron Curtain.

He seems never to have grasped that Communist support (some said Communist control) and popular front rhetoric would isolate him politically and make him an object of either contempt or pity in the eyes of liberals and conservatives alike. Has there ever been a political dreamer quite like Wallace, whose party was a shell held together by the CP *apparatchiki* of the old urban strongholds?

Yet he seems genuinely to have believed that millions of Americans would rally behind him as the "peace candidate." His words reminded some of the old isolationism, others of the "peace offensive" conducted by the Communists during the period of the Nazi-Soviet pact: "The bigger the peace vote in 1948, the more definitely the world will know that the United States is not behind the bipartisan reactionary foreign policy which is dividing the world into two armed camps and making inevitable the day when American soldiers will be lying in their Arctic suits in the Russian snow. There is no real fight between a Truman and a Republican. Both stand for a policy which opens the door to war in our lifetime and makes war certain for our children."

THE recommendations of Clark Clifford in this matter were unambiguous. It was true, said Clifford, that relations between the United States and Russia were at a crisis point and that they might worsen. Yet this could only strengthen the Administration. "In times of crisis the American citizen tends to back up his President." The Truman foreign policy would, of course, remain the same. Wallace, moreover, was to be attacked on the Communist issue. In a passage which tells us a good deal about the consensus that developed during the early cold war years, Clifford suggested that "prominent liberals—and no one else—" attack the Progressive Party and "point out that the core of the Wallace backing is made up of Communists and fellow travelers."

The newly formed Americans for Democratic Action lambasted Wallace all during the campaign as an appeaser of totalitarianism and a betrayer of liberalism. Was an arrangement made between Democratic campaign strategists and the ADA? Yarnell does not think so. But he trusts the testimony of ADA leaders given in the aftermath of

the McCarthy period. There is every reason to believe that an understanding was reached between the Democratic leadership and the ADA. In any event, the ADA attack was unsparing. For this reason among many, Henry Wallace's attempt to form a coalition of the disenchanted and the dispossessed failed miserably. Wallace received just over a million votes in the election, a quarter of what he had predicted.

Despised by conservatives, deserted by liberals, Wallace left the Progressive Party in 1950 when the executive committee approved the North Korean invasion of the South as a step toward the "unification" of the peninsula. Later that year the *Moscow Gazette* denounced him as an "enemy of humanity." It was time for Henry Wallace to rid himself of some of his illusions, and he did. Others stuck with him. He supported Nixon against Kennedy in 1960, evidently because of a lingering fear of the Catholics. It was one last reminder that Henry Wallace had never been a Communist but only a Christian "idealist" from the Protestant Middle West. To him a Siberian peasant was a virtuous son of the soil. Why would one ever want to go to war to kill him? Yet if Wallace had read *Darkness at Noon* instead of *Mission to Moscow* he would have known that Gletkin was a peasant too. □

Flying

By Kate Millett

Knopf, 546 pp., \$8.95

DROWNING IN CLAUSTROPHOBIA

RENE KUHN BRYANT

Now, try to pay attention and follow closely and we'll see if we can sort this whole thing out somehow. Kate is a teacher but she doesn't teach because she is really a sculptor. But she doesn't sculpt because she has to go to so many meetings and make so many speeches. She has to go to so many meetings and make so many speeches because she wrote a book four years ago. A lot of people took that book very seriously, starting with Kate, and decided she was the theoretician of the women's liberation movement. That's quite a respon-

sibility. Now she has written another book about how she feels about what happened after she wrote the first one. Only it's a little hard to write a book when what you are really doing is making a documentary film on women's lib and the film is being shot in New York but processed and edited in London because it's cheaper to do it that way. Anyway, it's plain to see where the title comes from, isn't it?

WHERE were we? Oh, yes, the women's liberation movement. This is the really tricky bit but we'll take it slowly. Taking a deep breath, Kate tells us she is a lesbian. But she is married to Fumio who, in addition to being her husband, is, she assures us, her "best friend." She's also in love with Celia. Celia, however, has broken off with Kate and is now living with Ann, and Kate finds that fairly anguishing. Meanwhile, Vita and Fred have *both* "come out," and that means that, temporarily at least, Vita can be Kate's lover and, since she's tidy and organized and a good speller and typist, her secretary as well. Unfortunately, before long Vita begins to get on Kate's nerves because she reminds her of her mother, so that arrangement doesn't work out so well after all. But also meanwhile, in a march on Albany, Kate has met Claire who, thousands of paragraphs later, turns out to be the love of her life—so far, anyway. And meanwhile still, there are Naomi and Miriam and Nell and Zoe and Jill and Rachel and Rhoda and, I mustn't forget, of course good old Fumio.

But suddenly the urge to parody collapses in the face of the towering, overpowering egotism and destructive narcissism of this book. The Empress stands revealed as quite naked and extremely ill-favored at that. Exasperation succeeds bemusement, as it is borne in on us that we are being asked to accept cant and claptrap as serious political analysis.

To those earnest followers of social change who regard the militancies of women's lib as a force for eventual good, as devoted simply to such worthy and unselfish objectives as ensuring equal pay for equal work, for example, *Flying* should prove a stunning revelation. For Kate Millett and perhaps for the majority among the activists, women's lib is the vehicle through which private psychosis is metamorphosed into public purpose and not only glori-

RANDOM NOTES

■ OCTOBER TITLES: Buckminster Fuller again, this time with *Synergetics: Explorations in the Geometry of Thinking* (Macmillan, \$15). . . . Latest mobster bio is *The Last Testament of Lucky Luciano* by Martin A. Gosch and Richard Hammer (Little, Brown, \$10). . . . Taylor Caldwell dips into women's lib and classical Greece for *Glory and the Lightning* (Doubleday, \$8.95). . . . Hugh Ross Williamson puzzles over such *Historical Enigmas* as, Was Guy Fawkes framed? (St. Martin's, \$8.95). . . . Joseph Heller's first novel since *Catch-22* is *Something Happened* (Knopf, \$10).

■ Milton Eisenhower vouchsafes his thoughts on the big job in *The President Is Calling* (Doubleday, \$12.50). . . . C. S. Lewis is a life by his literary executor, Walter Hooper, and Roger Lancelyn Green (Harcourt, \$6.95). For the same house, Hannah Arendt's *Rahel Varnhagen: The Life of a Jewish Woman* portrays the German who started the Goethe cult (\$7.95; paper, \$3.95). . . . *Take It Off!* urges Robert S. Holzman, who claims to know 867 tax deductions most of us miss (T.Y. Crowell, \$7.95; paper, \$4.95).

■ Dan Rather and Gary Paul Gates unlimber on *The Palace Guard* (Harper, \$8.95). For the same house, André Maur-

ois recreates *The World of Marcel Proust* in words and pictures (\$22.50) and Werner Maser collects *Hitler's Letters and Notes* (\$12.50). . . . Volume Two of Samuel Eliot Morison's *The European Discovery of America* is called *The Southern Voyages* (Oxford, \$17.50). . . . Two on Spain from Putnam's: *King of Two Worlds*, a life of Philip II by Edward Grierson (\$12.95), and *The Spanish Bourbons* by John D. Bergamini (\$12.95). . . . Catherine (*A Man Called Peter*) Marshall offers *Something More* (McGraw-Hill, \$6.95).

■ Haven't you always wanted a paper-doll cutout book for grownups? Neither did we. But Prentice-Hall hopes to sell Tom Tierney's *Thirty from the Thirties*—maybe to its famous businessmen's list (\$4.95). . . . Elizabeth Longford's *Winston Churchill* is a pictorial life (Rand McNally, \$14.95). . . . Heaven knows how *Bible Tales as Told by Dick Gregory* will turn out (Stein & Day, \$7.95). . . . In *Pyramids of Change*, Peter Berger comes out against capitalism and socialism in favor of—well, *warmth* (Basic, \$10). . . . Novelist and occasional NR contributor John Braine explains what goes into *Writing a Novel* (Coward, \$7.95). For the same house, Trollope's *The Pallisers* (soon to be a U.S. import from BBC-TV) is an abridgment of his six parliamentary novels (\$8.95). . . . Sybille Bedford's *Aldous Huxley* is big and illustrated (Knopf, \$15).

fied but sanctified. To suppose anything else is to allow oneself to become a co-conspirator in the vast con game known as Gay Liberation.

It is all to be seen here in an endless outpouring of shallow, witless comment that is ungainly and graceless in its structure, gratingly obvious and banal in its observations, inchoate when it is not incoherent, blundering in its posture, and intolerable in its pretentiousness. Consider, for instance, these passing bows to Angela Davis and Bernadette Devlin: "Then redecorated [at a protest meeting on South Africa and Rhodesia, of course] with Angela buttons. Angela in her grandeur reduced to a smudge. Angela real as prison and the world flaunting her courage, riding on that wind of heroism while an actual woman is in handcuffs behind real bars somewhere taking the rap for our emotional effusions. . . . And now I remember I still have not composed my letter to Devlin, roasted on the box and in newsprint this week. Having a baby on her own. Lady interviewer turns the

knife, 'Won't that mean your career?' Mick Bernadette, her face only human and beautiful parries thrust while I groan for her, stuck in the soft spot of scandal once myself."

And so on and on and on and on. But these are the better moments of the book. The worse are reserved to explore the fatal fascination Miss Millett holds for herself. In a discarded preface which, typically, she has included nevertheless, she announces: "*it had occurred to me to treat my own existence as documentary.*" And documentary in her terms means minute by remorseless minute, if not second by interminable second, until on page 535 she queries frantically: "Will I be caught here? I wonder. Trapped in this book forever?"

If it is only all those hundreds of thousands of words later that such a possibility finally crosses her consciousness, think of the claustrophobia long since induced in the reader. She may, indeed, be trapped in her own verbiage but we, at long last, can escape and make our way back to civilization. □

Einstein and the Generations of Science

By Lewis S. Feuer

Basic Books, 374 pp., \$12.95

THE REBELLION OF PROMETHEUS

THOMAS H. JUKES

A new idea in science does not succeed by convincing its opponents, but rather because its opponents die, and a new generation grows up that is accustomed to it.
—Max Planck

In the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, a constellation of great scientists made the discoveries that transformed our understanding of our own nature and the physical universe, and eventually led to the technology that now dominates the world. In this book, Mr. Feuer examines the lives of Mach, Einstein, Bohr, Heisenberg, de Broglie, Darwin, and Freud, among others, to see what part "generational revolt" played in the formulation of their remarkable new concepts.

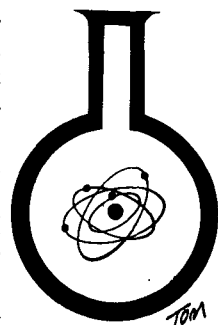
Feuer concludes that the natural sciences move forward without being subjected to the abrupt and destructive changes that characterize man's life as a social animal. There have been isolated incidents such as the persecution of Galileo and Giordano Bruno, and there were the enormities committed by Stalin and his accomplice Lysenko, but the scientific literature is normally open to all authors who are professionally qualified. New ideas and discoveries flow through the world of science for scrutiny and challenge. Feuer correctly points out that revolutionary new findings and concepts do not destroy the existing pattern of knowledge but instead open new vistas to stimulate young scientists. Most of the older generation tend to accept new ideas somewhat more slowly, although (and this Feuer might have emphasized more strongly) scientific revolutions often have an immensely rejuvenating effect on older scientists. A fine quotation from a letter to Lavoisier by the great Scottish chemist Joseph Black makes this point: "Having for 30 years believed and taught the doctrine of phlogiston . . . I for a long time felt inimical to the new system . . . but this

enmity, which springs only from the force of habit, has gradually diminished, subdued by the clearness of your proofs and the soundness of your plan."

For years, I have watched the processes of generational revolt and innovation at work in science. My conclusion is that every young scientist who is worth his salt practices both of them, and that older scientists cease to be effective if they resist new ideas. There are many charming anecdotes on the subject. When Pasteur was 26, he separated the two optical isomers of tartaric acid, at the request and before the eyes of the 74-year-old chemist Biot, who then himself prepared solutions of Pasteur's crystals and measured their optical rotation. Upon finding that the "left hand" crystals indeed swung polarized light to the left, Biot said to Pasteur: "My dear boy, I have loved science so much during my life, that this touches my very heart." Such was the greeting that Biot gave to the discovery of one of the most fundamental properties of life.

FEUER's discussion of Einstein begins with his development in the Zurich-Berne circle, which was predominantly composed of students of Jewish origin who had escaped from their traditional environment (although, says Feuer, Einstein "grieved over the fact that the Jewish dietary laws were neglected" in his father's house). Einstein was a friend of Friedrich Adler's, and stood by him after Adler assassinated the Austrian prime minister in 1916. Of Lenin, Einstein said: "I honor Lenin as a man who completely sacrificed himself . . . men of his type are the guardians and restorers of humanity" — "restoration" through genocide, one might say. Einstein's proclivity for social protest continued throughout his life. He once wrote: "I am a horse for single harness . . . I have never belonged wholeheartedly to country or state, to my circle of friends, or even to my own family."

Feuer asks if "the Zurich-Berne countercommunity that nurtured Einstein's scientific creativity has its counterparts in the present world of science," where individuality may lead to ostracism.



In the U.S.A., for example, the Johnson and Nixon Administrations' destructive policies on science have taken their toll of the careers of young scientists. Einstein, reflecting on his own solitary habits, thought that jobs such as lighthousekeeper should be reserved for young people who wished "to think about scientific problems, especially of a mathematical or philosophical nature," and Feuer feels that Einstein's "energies of generational revolt were sublimated" into his scientific achievements.

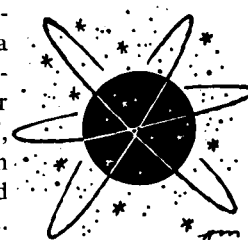
The book then turns to a study of a very different personality: Niels Bohr, who was "an all-around boy, an adored, popular athlete." In her biography of her husband, Mrs. Fermi has told of Niels Bohr's arrival at Los Alamos following his perilous escape from the Nazis. One of the first things he did was to borrow a pair of skis and disappear into the mountains of New Mexico until after sunset. Feuer traces the genesis of Bohr's model of the atom to the teachings of Höfding, who was an exponent of Kierkegaard. The theory of qualitative leaps, advanced by Kierkegaard as a manifestation of the human spirit, entered "into the perspective from which Niels Bohr viewed the problems of atomic theory," says Feuer, and "the terminology in which Bohr phrased the hypotheses of his 1913 papers had a Kierkegaardian ring" (e.g., Bohr's statement that energy radiation is emitted only during the passing of the systems between different stationary states).

Feuer's next study links Werner Heisenberg's "principle of uncertainty" with his involvement in the German Youth Movement and his rejection of determinism. The chaos of Germany in the years between World Wars I and II is reflected in Heisenberg's statement that "we cannot in principle get to know the present in all determinate circumstances. Therefore all perception is a choice from an abundance of possibilities and a limitation of the future possible."

IN CONTRAST are the life and personality of the wave theorist Louis Victor, Prince de Broglie, who was fascinated by the philosophy of Henri Bergson. Of all the physicists discussed by Feuer, Victor de Broglie had to make the most definite break with the traditions of his upbringing. He was a French aristocrat who had studied medieval history

and was later drawn toward physics. He was assigned to the military wireless service in World War I, after which he returned to the laboratory, and in 1923 formulated the ideas of wave mechanics that were the substance of his epochal doctoral thesis in 1924.

DARWIN, the innovator and iconoclast of his day, once he had escaped from rigorous paternal domination, is now a revered and embalmed father figure himself, complete with bald head and majestic beard. Some of his present-day followers resent the intrusions of molecular biology and the "DNA revolution" into the shrine of panselectionism in which they have placed Darwin's teachings. But the old gentleman himself would probably have been pleased with the molecular interpretation of evolutionary change. Such musings are generated by Feuer's book, with its recapture of the past. □



Joey

By Donald Goddard

Harper, 450 pp., \$10

MAFIA CHIC

JOHN R. COYNE JR.

Donald Goddard, former *New York Times* man, has a problem. Goddard is a fine reporter and a first-rate writer, and he has produced a large, impressive book. But his problem is the book's subject. Joe Gallo just isn't worth it.

On the 43rd anniversary of his birth, which he celebrated in 1972 by getting shot full of holes in Umberto's Clam House in lower Manhattan, Gallo's career as a mobster was ended. It was a short unsuccessful career, interrupted by nine years in prison (the unusual length of the term is in itself tribute to Gallo's gangland ineptitude).

Gallo was a little man physically (5 feet 6 inches, 145 pounds), and as a mobster, compared to Capone, Luciano, Costello, Genovese, or even Joe Bananas, he was a midget.

During the briefly successful part of

his career he was engaged primarily in small-time stuff—extortion, local labor racketeering, gambling, shylocking, and an occasional murder. The one great accomplishment attributed to him was the shooting of Albert Anastasia, head of Murder Inc., in the Park-Sheraton barber shop.

But aside from this public service, the record is one of failure. He fought Joe Profaci and Joe Colombo for control of organized crime in Brooklyn and lost, prompting Jimmy Breslin to immortalize the whole debacle in *The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight*. Toward the end, he couldn't even raise bail money, and his mother had to mortgage her house and hock her furniture to pay for bail bonds. Understandable, perhaps, in this era of rampant inflation. But we expect better from our mobsters. They should, after all, be able to knock over a bank or two. Men of Honor just don't send Mamma to the hock shop.

NEVERTHELESS, the bright psychopath is always interesting, and the primitive, antisocial man of action invariably fascinates the sophisticated, inhibited, sedentary man.

Goddard understands this. During his last months Gallo was taken up and made much of by the New York showbiz-literary crowd, and Goddard recognizes their radical chic game-playing for what it is.

But Goddard can't quite keep his own views in perspective, partly because of what he is and partly, one suspects, because of the powerful influence exerted on him by the book's chief narrator, Jeffie, Gallo's first wife, an ex-Vegas showgirl, a primitive, intense, intelligent original in her own right.

"In Joey Gallo, mobster," Goddard tells us in a characteristic lapse, and with many of the same words Jeffie uses, "lived Joey Gallo, lover, friend, poet, painter, prince . . ."

Well. It probably is true that there's no such thing as a bad boy. Even John Dillinger's mother was supposed to have said, after his death, that John was a good boy, they just didn't understand him. But how does Gallo measure up to Goddard's overheated description in terms of the evidence that Goddard himself presents?

Lover? Perhaps. He liked a nice homosexual prison gang rape, and Jeffie says that he was good to her in bed when he wanted to be. But he also two-timed her, drove her to the outer

edge of sanity, alienated and tortured their daughter.

Friend? He had remarkably few friends especially by traditional Italian-American standards, and he lost most of his old friends when he began to run with the semi-beautiful types.

Poet? For evidence we have a couple of self-conscious pieces written from prison. Bad stuff—pretentious, imprecise phrasing, strained Creative Writing metaphors, suitable for limp-leather vanity press publication.

Painter? The same. Prince? No evidence whatsoever, except for his own repeated assertions that he would have been one in another time. (And my ancestors, of course, were all Irish kings.)

The evidence is thin. And in order to force his thesis, to attempt to convince us that Joey was indeed one of nature's noblemen, Goddard resorts to the ultimate, predictable argument. Joey was the victim of a dishonest society. "He did what his nature had him do, knowing the 'straight' world would try to prevent him or kill him for it."

But it *wasn't* the "straight" world that killed him for it. It was the mob world that put the contract on him and gunned him down. "Joey was a man of action, a born warrior in an age when warriors are not only out of style but a damned nuisance." Perhaps. But the evidence that Goddard has so impressively gathered points in another direction. Joey Gallo was a psychopath who couldn't make it in the straight world and couldn't make it as a warrior. And the only people who believed he could were those sensation-seeking *naïfs* of the showbiz-writing world. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

INDEPENDENCE ON TRIAL: *Foreign Affairs and the Making of the Constitution*, by Frederick W. Marks III (Louisiana State University, 256 pp., \$10). Historian Marks refutes the long-honored but tendentious economic and class-conflict theory of the Framers' motives and details national security fears, trade problems, and diplomatic humiliations that were no less influential than domestic stresses in fueling the Federalist movement of the 1780s. Fascinating as a trip back to an era when the U.S. Government was literally as impotent as today's UN; scary as a picture of Congress in command of foreign policy, a role one hopes it never regains; and potentially significant for one more reason: knowing why the Articles of Con-

federation were scrapped and the Constitution erected is vital because, as the author notes, "it determines in part the meaning of the Constitution for later generations." This book may seem light years removed from current political issues. Yet to the extent that his analysis may help launch a new historical school and show Americans that their central government was designed more for self-preservation than for social engineering, Marks has struck a telling blow indeed for modern, practical conservatism.

JOHN K. ANDREWS

EDUCATION AND THE TAMING OF POWER, by Sidney Hook (Open Court, 310 pp., \$8.95). Professor Hook, recently retired after 45 years of university teaching, has somehow managed to come through the experience with his judgment and sense of humor intact, if this collection of 18 of his essays is a fair indicator. One fears that his sane strictures and sharp critiques of current madness in the mortarboard jungle will go largely unheeded, but it is good to see them find a home between cloth covers. Purists may fault Hook for his sentimental attachment to the philosophy of John Dewey (like many a sincere admirer of Lenin and Trotsky on the political front, he is convinced that pure, essentially good Deweyism has been perverted by its later exponents and interpreters), but the light of reason shines through most of Hook's educational thinking and he expounds his ideas with grace, clarity, and style. Long life and more books to him.

ARAM BAKSHIAN JR.

CITY OF CAIN, by Kate Wilhelm (Little, Brown, 217 pp., \$6.95). Because of a chunk of shrapnel he carries back from Vietnam in his brain, Peter Roos, brother of a senator, is able to hear and see other men's thoughts. He picks up a plan for the construction of a secret underground city designed to shelter the nation's "elite" during nuclear attack. The city will be run by government officials, Strangelovish military types, and mad scientists practicing mind control whose ultimate objective, apparently, is total control of the world. It's a strange novel, part suspense, part fantasy, part science fiction, part romance, and perhaps eventually wholly Hollywood. The Washington figures are drawn from cinematic fictional models, Druryish caricatures (Druryads?). The plot, though successfully suspenseful, is somewhat silly, and the characterization is both good and bad. A shame, for Miss Wilhelm does a convincing and sensitive job with the non-Washington characters. Lucy, the hippieish underground journalist, is especially effective, her affair with Peter interestingly and tastefully handled. Miss Wilhelm seems to be a potentially first rate novelist who hasn't yet found her subject, and *City of Cain* is an excellent argument for writing about what you know.

JOHN R. COYNE JR.

VARNADO

(Continued from page 975)

I fear lest my wife learn some of the Shockley lore. I am afraid she will conclude that our marriage is Dysgenic. Let me explain briefly.

You see, I am married to a woman whose IQ score is 10 to 20 points higher than mine. (I may as well hedge like Shockley.) We have established this unhappy condition many times by taking *Reader's Digest* IQ tests. No matter how vigorously I concentrate, no matter how much extra time my wife allows me, the results are always discouragingly the same. She comes out 10 to 20 points smarter than I. (Needless to say, my wife revels in this condition, as any wife would. She rubs it in, goes around the house saying things like, "I wish they would establish a chapter of Mensa in this hick town.")

Now in addition to my low IQ score, our marriage shows a tendency toward what Shockley calls "disproportionate reproduction." We have six children, to be exact. Finally, while we are not statistically "poor" we are rapidly becoming so. My salary rises a bit every year but not so fast as to outpace that constantly rising mark which the government sets each year as its "poverty zone." Some day it will undoubtedly overtake it, and when it does our marriage will have all the notes of classic Dysgenicism: a questionable IQ gradient (in at least one partner), a mass of progeny, and some degree of statistical destitution. My bitterness toward the Shockley theories should now be understandable.

But this is not the whole story. Dysgenics is a two way street, and there is another side to the matter which Shockley, by rights, ought to hear. There are factors in my marriage which work to ameliorate this seemingly hopeless situation, and I am going to tell them not only to refute Shockley, but to console other Dysgenics.

Despite her superior IQ score, my wife is the victim of a hereditary flaw in her nature. She has had from childhood what can only be described as a Bad Driveway Gene. She got it, I think, from her mother, since her father did not know how to drive. The Gene in question is, I am inclined to think, Recessive.

(I suppose I should stop, right about now, and explain for the lay reader the meaning of the terms Recessive and Dominant. I will try to be as unscientific as I can. Briefly, there are two

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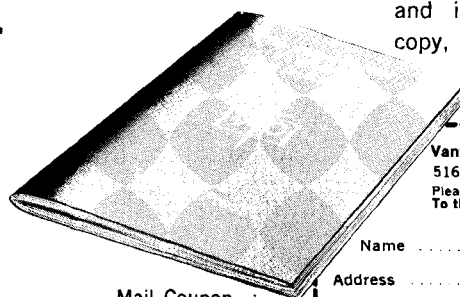


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kinds of Genes: Dominant and Recessive. A Dominant Gene is simply a gregarious, extroverted Gene—the sort that tries to "take over." This Gene is much like the person who, when he goes to a party, drinks and talks too much and ends up forcing everybody to play charades. On the other hand, a Recessive Gene is an introvert—shy, sensitive, refined. It prefers a book or a quiet chat with a friend, it is easily exploited by a Dominant Gene, and its life is probably not too happy.)

My wife's Bad Driveway Gene, as I said, is of this Recessive type. It belongs to a group known as the Automobile Driving Complex, and the other Genes in this group (evidently Dominant) keep it under control on freeways and streets. But when it gets in a driveway—on home ground, so to speak—it feels more relaxed and begins to assert itself. It is this Bad Driveway Gene that causes my wife to run into things in driveways: garbage cans, mail boxes, you name it.

I discovered this particular Gene in my wife before we were married. One day I was visiting her home in New Rochelle, N.Y. I was sitting in the living room talking with her parents while my future wife was getting her car out of the garage so she could drive me home. I believe that her father, a 75-year-old retired banker, was discussing interest rates with me. Suddenly, without warning, we were all startled by an ear-splitting crash. We could make out the sullen crunch of wood and metal and the tinkle of broken glass. My future wife's father was unperturbed. He went on talking about interest rates. The mother, however, with real or pretended alarm, jumped up and ran out of the room. When she returned, she looked at her husband and said, "Would you believe that our daughter has just backed her car through the closed doors of the garage?" She seemed to want to give the impression that this was a first occurrence. My wife's father, however, gave it away when he lit his pipe and muttered, "Again?" Alas, there had been many previous driveway accidents, as my wife later confessed. She had driven through the garage doors once before. She had struck her mother's Lincoln several times. She had raked a visitor's Mercury, parted a caladium bed, and so forth.

Even knowing all this, I married her anyway. I am not one to let Genetics impede the marriage of true minds. Besides, I *knew* my Driveway Gene was

good, and I *figured* it was Dominant. (Male chauvinism, I suppose.) My children, I reasoned, would inherit from me—and as a matter of fact, they have. It is reassuring to watch the careful way in which they wheel their bicycles and velocipedes in and out of the driveway. (Our girl shows a tendency to follow in her mother's footsteps, but I imagine it's psychological imitation.)

Now here is the point of my argument. Suppose my wife, knowing my weak IQ score, had sacrificed herself to the Higher Genetics and married somebody more intelligent. She might have gotten some stuffy little prodigy who, unknown to her, had a Driveway Gene as bad as her own. They would have then proceeded to unleash upon society a whole brood of Bad Driveway Factors. But as things stand now, we have bred out the bad strain.

A small victory, perhaps, but I often think of it when I read of Shockley, or observe the dents in our station wagon. □

LETTERS

(Continued from page 950)

the rule, for Mr. van den Haag. But having made this point he goes on to argue: "If we do not punish, it does not follow that we mean to approve. An act may remain a sin though not a crime. Legally permissible acts may well be regarded as immoral or offensive." How can the involuntary be sinful and immoral?

The problem, of course, is that Mr. van den Haag has failed to distinguish between an *act's* being voluntary and a *preference's* being voluntary. As a result he comes off saying that homosexuality, while involuntary, may be sinful and immoral. And implicit here is that it is so by reference to some further standard—societal, religious—which itself fails to make the relevant distinctions. One could as well argue that eating pork, say, or dancing on Sunday, while involuntarily preferred, are sinful and immoral! Why? Because proscribed! *Chicago, Ill.*

ROGER PILON

Graduate Student, Philosophy
University of Chicago

Acts are moral or not independently of whether they are voluntary or not. Voluntariness bears only on one's accountability for doing wrong, not on the wrongness or sinfulness of what one does. Society need not endorse what—for whatever reason—it regards as wrong.

Sorry to be so muddleheaded, and good luck with your philosophical studies.

—E.V.D.H.

I was disappointed by "Reflections on the Issue of Gay Rights." In neither of the two articles is it affirmed that homosexuality

is an abnormality and as such does not depend on community standards for its regulation. Homosexuality is against the nature of things in itself.

Homosexuals should be accorded their civil rights and should be treated with equal justice under the law. However, gay rights bills go beyond such a principle to the extent that homosexuality is presented as an equally valid choice for the human being to make, as if one were choosing whether to remain single or to marry.

This is precisely what Mr. Brudnoy denies in dissenting from NR's position, and his analogies between a discreet homosexual and the plight of a Jew during the Inquisition or a Negro among racists limp.

By and large, gay rights bills are unnecessary, since existing laws will duly protect the homosexual's rights. Present attempts at passing such bills reflect the nihilism of the times.

Brooklyn, N.Y. LEONARD F. VILLA

Mr. Brudnoy Replies

In answer to Mr. Villa, that which Nature permits is, perforce, natural; I see little purpose in attempting to haggle over whether something in nature is "against the nature of things." The "ideological assault" argument continues to bemuse me; homosexuals by and large are not anxious to inflict their homosexuality on others, but rather to advance their own status to that of equality with heterosexuals.

As to "Western civilization," the reference to which in some cases I have called "ritualistic" and "totemistic": could someone please tell me who has been empowered (and by whom) to decide which aspects of Western civilization we elevate as eternal guides and which we don't? Evidently certain Judaeo-Christian elements qualify; but Greek elements? As to Freud, he was of two minds on this subject of homosexuality; see his "Letter to an American Mother," of, I believe, 1935.

"Existing laws will duly protect the homosexual's rights," Mr. Villa asserts. On the contrary, as the legal codes of 45 American states reveal clearly, such laws do *not* protect the homosexual's rights to a job, apartment, privacy, military service, credit rating, admission to public accommodations of various sorts, and, and . . .

Re "Mr. Brudnoy's Argument" [August 16], by my friend Joe Sobran, who writes that homosexuals "already have [equality], in that they are measured against the same standards as the rest of us": alas, not so. Lives are smashed daily, careers destroyed, relationships attenuated to the point of evaporation, because homosexuals do not enjoy such equality. How do we square Mr. Sobran's words, above, with what follows, "we are to stop regarding the sodomite as a second-class citizen . . ."? Is a "second-class citizen," who is termed a "sodomite" or (later in his piece) a "pederast," *really* "measured against the same standard as the rest of us"? Equality, my foot.

I consider my views on how America treats its homosexual minority a logical outgrowth of my conservatism because a) I wish primarily to conserve decency, justice, goodness; b) I wish to evaluate all people as individuals, not as cogs in some pejorative collectivity; and c) I wish to inflict no unnecessary harm on innocents.

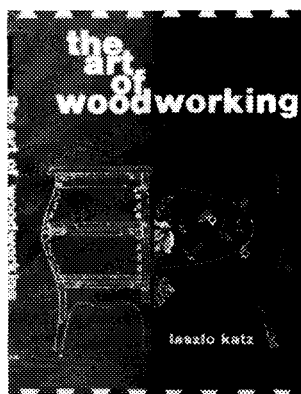
I respect the "totems of [my] own tribe," as Mr. Sobran puts it, but I will not forever be bound by those I discover to be cruel. I acknowledge of course that there are and will be unpleasant aspects to the Gay Lib crusade, from which I dissociate myself, and have always dissociated myself, as Mr. Sobran knows.

Boston, Mass. DAVID BRUDNOY

"I wish primarily to conserve decency, justice, goodness": but, again, how is this distinctively conservative? Who opposes "decency, justice, goodness," relishes seeing "lives . . . smashed, careers destroyed," etc.? Liberals? Who suggested anyone was specially "empowered" to pronounce on Western values? And how do you "evaluate all people as individuals" without generalized values? Or if you, Dave Brudnoy, have the correct values, who "empowered" you thus to prescind them from the rich fabric of values that constitutes our civilization? I'm afraid you leave us with slogans, platitudes, and quibbles only.

—M.J.S.

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Let Him Go

On The Right

New York, August 7—Senator Robert Byrd is quoted as saying that he sees no reason at all why Richard Nixon shouldn't go to jail if guilty. It is fortunate that the people, in their treatment of Senator Byrd, are more forgiving than Senator Byrd is prepared to be toward Mr. Nixon. Mr. Byrd's indiscretion wasn't a coverup. He merely joined the Ku Klux Klan. Come to think of it, my memory is that Senator Byrd then proceeded to cover up his relations with the Klan.

Richard Nixon's real crime isn't, in my judgment, the kind of thing you bump into on the statute books. It is a cliché that no man is above the law. Like many clichés, one must avoid a parsing of it. The fact of the matter is that most Presidents are above many laws, and if they weren't, they wouldn't be able to function in the way we expect them to function. The law Nixon violated—the coverup—is not intrinsically important, viewed at a presidential perspective. Mr. Nixon made it important by his denials and by the incredible mismanagement of his case.

A PROMINENT New York accountant said privately last week that he thought the offenses for which Mr. Nixon will now be removed from office were relatively trivial. "He should be impeached, instead, for being a horse's ass." I have, as a matter of delicacy, preferred the euphemism to the term he actually used, which is the term Mr. Nixon used, as revealed in Monday's tapes, to describe Gordon Liddy: the single character in this extraordinary drama who has not been caught telling a lie, in return for which he has been sentenced to go to jail more or less permanently.

It was Mr. Nixon who gave importance to Watergate. Discovering a little scandal in his household—the ill conceived and ill executed burglary—he reacted in a way not commendable, but entirely human: he tried to keep the knowledge of the involvement of his associates from becoming a major public issue. He was wrong to do that, but Presidents of the United States play for high stakes, and it is understandable that, when running for re-

election, they tend to put their own interests foremost. But Mr. Nixon proceeded not only to take a certain course of action, but to denounce that course of action publicly. He got up there several times before the television cameras and deplored in stentorian tones the coverup. He teased the Puritan conscience of America and loosed the hounds that finally arrived at his door. He demanded loudly that Congress and the Judiciary investigate and track down criminality to its lair. He was giving the public orders for his own execution.

Even then, he'd have got away with it except for—the tapes. So help me God, I'd have removed myself to St. Helena rather than permit the public to examine such conversations. Lyndon Johnson revolted television viewers of sensibility by showing his stomach scar. Nixon has revolted the public by letting them view his table manners in the Oval Office.

But assuming that everyone has the right to seek out diligently his own extinction, why do it to your friends and associates? Why permit, as long as he had physical custody over them, the release of tapes wherein he spoke disparagingly about old friends, about people whom he sent to the Supreme Court, and others he will now send to jail?

He should have taken those tapes, plumped them down on the lawn of the White House, and set a torch to them. "This is my property," he might have said, "and you can do what you want to me, but you're not going to have access to it." If they had decided to impeach and convict him for that, at least they'd have done it over a constitutional point. Now he will be thrown out with the chicken thieves.

But the notion that he should be sent to jail is not merely cruel, it fails to understand the moral character of the problem. To remove Mr. Nixon from office must now be done. To send him on to jail is not merely superfluity, it is sadism. And it would contaminate us much more than it would hurt him. It would be an act at once uncivilized and humiliating. Let the man go decently. □

AIRLINE TALK

New York, August 18
—I have not lately remarked on the airlines,

for complicated reasons. For one, most of the people one runs into—at the terminals, for example—are the nicest in the world, and one does not like to criticize. This extends even to most of those who search your briefcases for hand grenades. I say most, because I have in mind the lady in Los Angeles who plucked out a package of Preparation H and demanded to know from me in loud tones whether it works.

And, for another, the airlines have been going through a very rough period. Indeed, they were losing money at a frightful rate after the Arab states thought it would be amusing to quadruple the cost of oil. But the response of the airlines was faintly optimistic, and one had the impression that they canceled a lot of flights less because they needed to conserve fuel, than because they wanted an excuse to retrench their services. Of course, one can hardly blame a company losing money for pulling back its services; still, when in doubt try candor, I say; and a little more of this would be helpful.

There are, besides, the little opportunisms. Two months during the winter I work in Europe, and of course am required by the light of my life to take along our three small dogs. Shipping them back, this last time, in two small kennels, the bill came to \$435. I wrote to TWA asking whether the billing machine might have slipped a decimal point to the east. In reply I received a letter telling me that excess baggage is calculated at a rate that takes into account weight and cubic volume. The fact of the matter is that the airlines have got themselves a rate that makes it about as expensive to send a dog by steerage as a human being first-class, even as the differences between the two modes of travel continue to diminish.

TWA is developing some irksome habits. Boarding the other day at San Francisco at noon, it was after 1 P.M. before they got around to serving you what they call "an alcoholic beverage." Why should it take an hour? If they tell you it's because they are over-

worked, the obvious reply is that they are understaffed. In fact it is a matter of organization—pure and simple; as witness that some of the airlines manage in a matter of minutes to accomplish what takes others hours.

AND THEN I have bad news for Aeronaves de Mexico. It is altogether possible that Iberia is winning the contest. En route back to New York recently, Iberia served some hors d'oeuvres that were hard to beat. One in particular, a pale pink cheesy thing, with sodden crust, tasteless bitter center that crumbles in your fingers, sticks in your throat, and curdles in your stomach. Aeronaves has clearly taken years and years to develop the worst cuisine in the air, and obviously takes pride in its long primacy—but Iberia has over a considerable period been hard at work, and I offer it as the opinion of this amateur that the crown is theirs. There is no movie, no music, the food is inedible, the bar closes a couple of hours before you reach New York, the lounge is unoccupiable because a little moppet is sitting there, the niece of the niece of the inspector, the service is medium-sullen. But here, Aeronaves definitely has the edge, inasmuch as the service there is somewhere between

sullen and mutinous. I am told by my weathered friends that people fly whole continents out of their way—going, for instance, from Venezuela to Spain via New York—in order to spare themselves the ordeal of flying Iberia.

I predict, on the matter of food and drink, that there is a future for the *really* good box lunch. It should be sold at major airports and contain maybe a little celery *remoulade*, a cold slightly breaded veal, a super chocolate pastry, a little cheese, and maybe a fresh fig, plus a mini-bottle of an Alsatian white wine that you can drink even after the temperature rises, and a mini-bottle of good Bordeaux. Then ring for your coffee, and inquire after the dogs. □

PRESSURES ON FREE CHINA

remarked to a visitor who had expressed grave apprehensions two years ago over the Shanghai Communiqué. You will remember that the Communiqué, solemnly proclaimed in Shanghai at the culmination of President Nixon's visit to China, said that 1) there was only one China and 2) the United States approved the principles of the Bandung Conference which included a pledge of noninterference by one country in the sovereign affairs of another. If you apply 2) to 1), it would follow that the United States' diplomatic recognition of Taiwan (the Republic of China), let alone the United States' defense treaty with Taiwan, is an act of interference in Chinese affairs. And beginning only days later, the nations of the world began, one by one, to close their embassies in Taiwan. We did not. That is what Mr. Kissinger meant when he said that it all turned out pretty well, didn't it.

He is correct, it has. So far. But there has been a remobilization of the new China lobby. Its principal organization is the National Committee on U.S.-China Relations, and what it wants is that we should withdraw wholly from Taiwan and, in effect, permit a hegemony in South Asia by mainland China.

Various persons associated with the Committee have been agitating in various quarters. Charles Yost, who is head of the organization and was for a period our senior ambassador to the United Nations, has written that "there is little doubt that the Chinese have been disappointed at what seems to them the slow pace of normalization of relations between the two countries."

Professor Daniel Treliak of York College and chairman of the United States Committee for a New China Policy is very direct: "The Shanghai Communiqué . . . should be the basis for the final move in formally normalizing United States-Chinese relations: recognition of the People's Republic, withdrawal of recognition from the government of Taiwan, and refusal to send a new ambassador to Taipei. For internal and international reasons it is incumbent on the United States to extend full diplomatic recognition now."

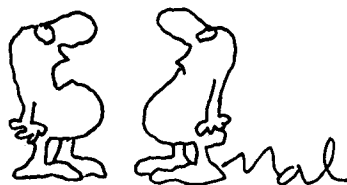
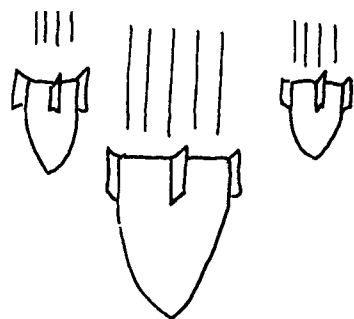
THE REFERENCE to "internal reasons"—believe it or not—is Watergate. The idea that Communist China, which has recently been shaken by the discovery that Confucius and Beethoven were traitors to socialist idealism, should be made edgy by the calm evolution of an American constitutional drama, or should fear that if Nixon is convicted he will be replaced in the White House by Anna Chennault, strikes me as simply—well, the kind of argument Professor Ross Terrill of Harvard is given to using—that is to say, any argument at all to further the Chinese Communist cause.

One would think that if indeed all of China is one, the various committees on U.S.-China relations would be giving more attention to the achievements of the Republic of China, and that the commentators who are quick to discuss the estate of mankind all over the world, would pause over the dismaying human performance of the Chinese Communist government they so much admire. Mr. A. M. Rosenthal, the managing editor of the *New York Times*, recently paid a sentimental visit to India, where he had been stationed 20 years ago. "And not one single person I met talked about giving up democracy for totalitarianism. They preferred India with flies to China without. There was surprisingly little admiration of or awe about China . . . the Indians who influence New Delhi quite simply loathe the idea of a Chinese dictatorship."

And Professor Gerhart Niemeyer of Notre Dame writes of "the astonishing example of Taiwan, where a highly industrialized society has been developed without breaking the continuity with China's Confucian tradition. Taiwan has convincingly proved that planners, engineers, inventors, scientists, need not accept positivist prejudices, and that their performance is in no way diminished by retaining their commitment to goodness and reverence."

Yes, things have gone all right; but the pressures are building. □

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C. What an actor gets to egg him on (not off)	65 118 45 53 154 26 182	R. Passage discovered by Amundsen, 1903-1905	95 89 112 46 23 121 41 102 57
D. Present name of an- cient Noviodunum	67 82 181 27 133 163 191 171	S. TELL BROW	199 123 214 200 204 113 42 47
E. Portuguese navigator who didn't make it all the way around the world	79 99 212 119 7 207 220 176	T. This operation may be frontal, prefrontal, or transorbital	139 190 9 198 43 205 125 215
F. Propositions regarded as self-evident truths	84 130 73 173 114 184	U. Not authorized	164 74 81 104 111 126 29 52 58 153
G. What an ill wind might be to a con- scriptee	100 96 50 110 149 166 195 115 70 16	V. Native lumps of pre- cious metal	109 194 128 183 92 59 145
H. FELT FUR	148 120 168 76 136 12 38	W. Stunting the develop- ment of	208 219 14 197 105 156 127 216
I. Wronged	1 21 167 6 15 24 55	X. To pass the summer in a state of torpor	18 192 80 158 177 33 172 60
J. Our questionable rem- edy	160 135 134 28 72 187 202	Y. Without mercy	39 206 170 48 34 106 61 203
K. SHAMERS	25 218 31 122 13 77 137	Z. American railroad ex- ecutive (1860-1932) (Union Pacific)	91 35 19 49 180 188
L. Animal mentioned in an American song	210 179 155 54 186 138 174 101	a. Overflowed by water	30 162 159 169 4
M. How leaves fall	124 143 193 56 129 209 86	b. A unionized sister	51 68 85 131 142 152
N. Is it wrong to be a brat lassoer?	146 83 87 107 217 196 132 211	c. Where the Braves and Indians gather	8 32 75 78 103 141 161
O. Networks spread by spiders	11 17 36 97 10 90 3		

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 998 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

1 I	2 O		3 O	4 a	5 B	6 I	7 E	8 c		9 T	10 O		11 O	12 H	13 K	14 W	15 I	
16 G	17 O		18 X	19 Z	20 B	21 I		22 A	23 R	24 I		25 K	26 C	27 D	28 J		29 U	30 a
31 K	32 c	33 X	34 Y		35 Z	36 O	37 B	38 H	39 Y	40 F	41 R	42 S		43 T	44 B	45 C	46 R	
47 S	48 Y	49 Z		50 G	51 b	52 U	53 C	54 L	55 I		56 M	57 R	58 U	59 V	60 X	61 Y		62 A
63 B		64 Q	65 C	66 A		67 D	68 b	69 Q	70 G	71 B	72 J	73 F	74 U	75 c		76 H	77 K	78 c
79 E		80 X	81 U	82 D		83 N	84 F	85 b	86 M		87 N	88 P	89 R	90 O	91 Z	92 V	93 B	94 Q
	95 R	96 G		97 O	98 Q		99 E	100 G	101 L		102 R	103 c	104 U	105 W	106 Y	107 N	108 Q	109 V
110 G		111 U	112 R	113 S	114 F		115 G	116 O		117 A	118 C	119 E	120 H	121 R	122 K	123 S	124 M	125 T
126 U	127 W	128 V		129 M	130 F	131 b	132 N	133 D	134 J		135 J	136 H		137 K	138 L	139 T	140 Q	141 c
142 b	143 M	144 F	145 V		146 N	147 Q		148 H	149 G	150 A		151 A	152 b	153 U	154 C	155 L	156 W	157 Q
158 X	159 a	160 J	161 c		162 a	163 D	164 U	165 B	166 G		167 I	168 H	169 a	170 Y		171 D	172 X	173 F
174 L		175 Q	176 E	177 X	178 F	179 L	180 Z	181 D	182 C	183 V		184 F	185 P	186 L	187 J	188 Z	189 Q	190 T
191 D	192 X		193 M	194 V	195 G		196 N	197 W	198 T	199 S	200 S	201 P	202 J	203 Y		204 S	205 T	206 Y
207 E	208 W		209 M	210 L	211 N	212 E	213 P	214 S	215 T		216 W	217 N		218 K	219 W	220 E	221 P	



New AAA Building in Fairfax, Va., calls for 20,000 sq. yds. of Milliken's MILSTAR® Corporate Square. In the dining room, free-lay tiles can be quickly removed for cleaning when spillage occurs to prevent soil tracking.

Skidmore, Owings & Merrill, carpet new Chicago office with MILSTAR Corporate Square free-lay tiles for the versatility they offer, particularly when office partitions are moved.

Milliken Carpets cover a

Landmark Inn, new high-rise motel in Myrtle Beach, S. C., features Milliken carpets in all public areas. PALACE LIGHTS pattern, shown, was chosen for its colorful design and costly look at reasonable cost.





Nan Lyons Elementary School is one of the new Tucson, Ariz., schools carpeted with MILSTAR Corporate Square. The free-lay tiles provide durability, and planned rotation helps compensate for heavy traffic patterns.

lot of important territory.

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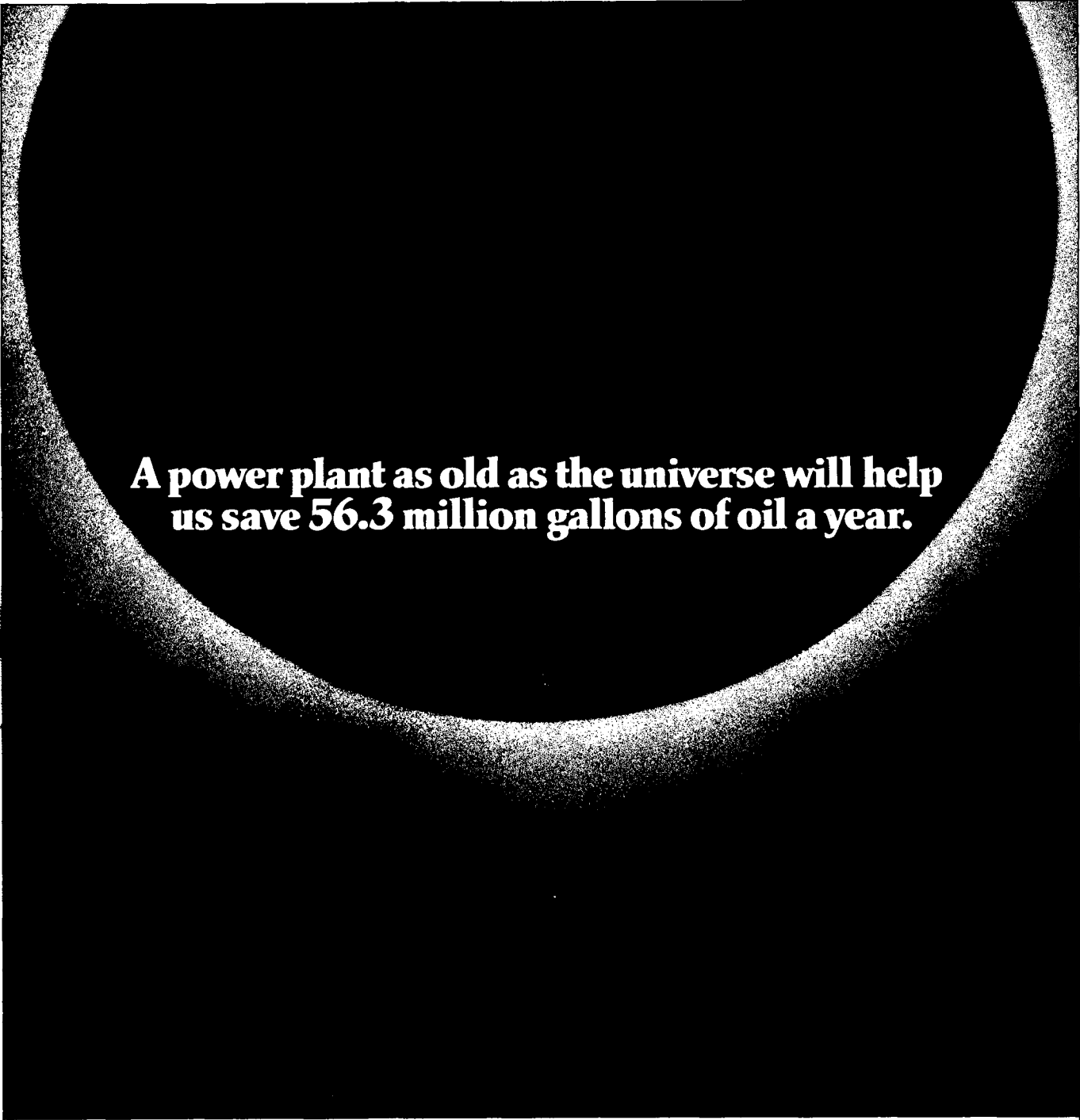


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